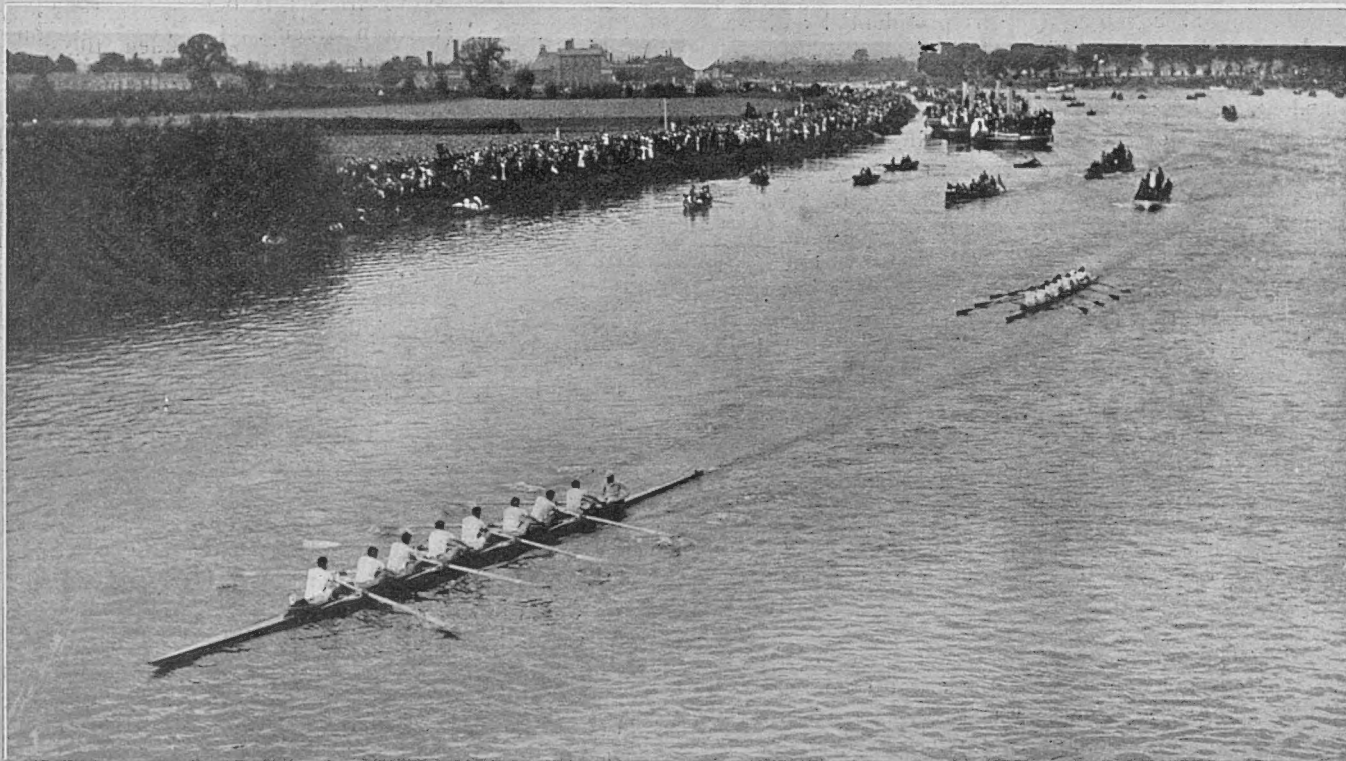


The Sketch

No. 711.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

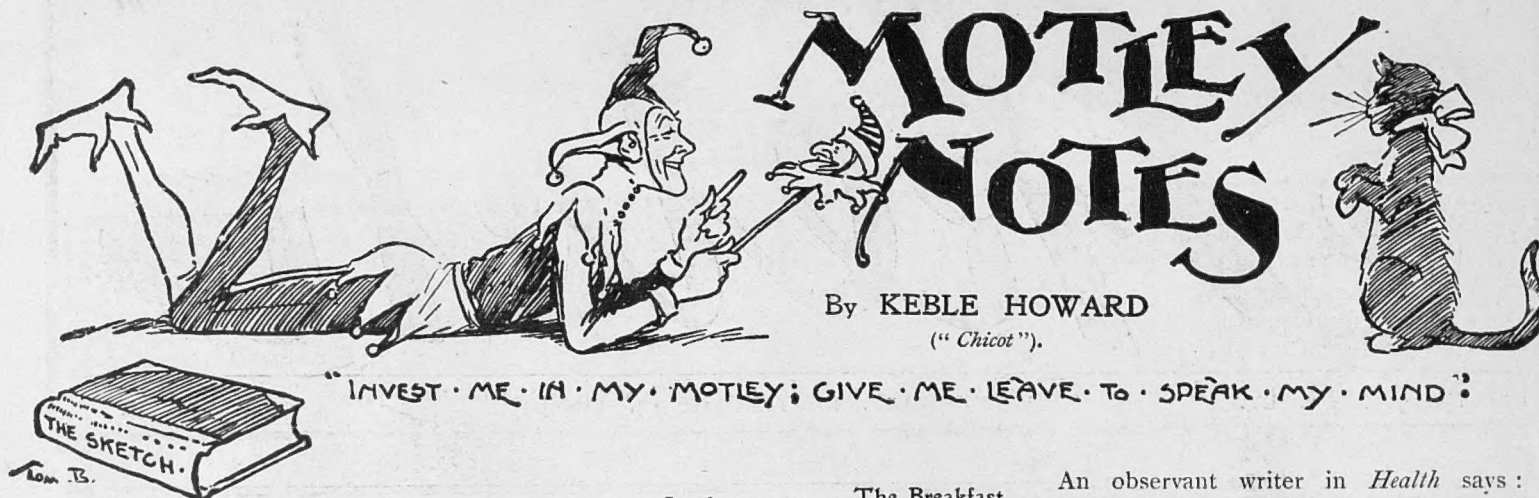


1. AT MORTLAKE.

2. AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

RAH—RAH—RAH—RAH—CAMBRIDGE! THE LIGHT BLUES WINNING FROM HARVARD
IN LAST SATURDAY'S BOATRACE.

Cambridge won her much-discussed match against Harvard very easily, finishing two lengths ahead of her rivals in 19 minutes 18 seconds. The Americans were outclassed from the start. Cambridge won the toss, chose the Surrey side, and led all the way.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



A Hint for Cowards.

London.
Sir W. H. Bailey must be a man of exceptional moral courage. In his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Library Association at Bradford, I understand, he was brave enough to say that novel-reading was a silent, restful recreation, and one of the best methods of triumphing over the misfortunes of life. "Well, we all know that," you cry. Yes, but have you the courage to stand on a public platform and say a word in praise of the novel? Everybody, of course, reads novels; ninety-nine people out of a hundred, however, affect shame for the "weakness." The very same weaklings will gush over a volume of poems, particularly if the publisher has thrown in a strip of green ribbon as makeweight. And yet it may fairly be said that the general average of modern fiction is infinitely higher than the general average of modern verse. A murrain on these silly, timorous affectations! A little while ago I was calling on a man who was once a schoolmaster, and now earns his living by coaching dull youths in the rudiments of Greek and Latin. He is rather dull himself, but has published one or two little books on Greek and Latin grammar that are used in first and second forms. On his desk lay a copy of a novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman. He reddened and threw it aside. "Railway rubbish," he explained.

The Swagger Age.

The *Book Monthly* has made an interesting discovery—namely, that the age of the heroine in novels is steadily going up. "There was a time," says the writer, "when the young girl of seventeen, or twenty, was the only possible heroine of a romance. Now she may figure in a story, but it will be more as a side character than as the leading lady." This is perfectly true. What is the explanation? Merely, I think, that it is not the fashion just now to be anything between seventeen and twenty-six. The really swagger age is sixteen. You will find the girl of sixteen on the box-seat of the coach and in the best place at the restaurant-table. If, however, you cannot be sixteen, if a pigtail, and shortish skirts, and a passion for chocolates, and a cheekily innocent manner no longer suit you, then the right age is twenty-seven or over. After all, everybody cannot remain at sixteen. And sixteen, anyway, is no sort of use to the novelist. The girl of sixteen may prattle daringly, but there is not enough "colour" about her to make a heroine. And the novelist, therefore, avoiding the unfashionable period, jumps to twenty-seven or thirty. Personally, the age of my latest, and therefore favourite, heroine is eighty-seven.

Concerning Second-Hand Souls.

Miss Effie Bathe writes to the editor of the *Daily Mail* to inform him that "sex in re-birth may be reversed, for sex of soul is totally distinct from sex of body. This," Miss Effie thinks, "accounts for certain types of masculine women and feminine men that exist." Here indeed is food for serious thought. Is it possible that Nature can be so desperately mean as to use up all the old souls instead of serving out nice clean ones? And is it possible that Nature can be so humorous as to fit a feminine soul into a male body? This is not a matter that one may dismiss with a smile. For the development of the soul, one may take it, is never arrested. The soul of a murderer, for example, may live again in the body of a dear little pink-and-white girl. She will have blue eyes and golden hair and a skin of velvety softness, and yet will be constantly meditating on the possibility of running a carving-knife into her nurse. Again, the soul of a bishop may find its way into a baby girl of more than ordinary beauty whose ultimate destination is the lyric stage. The subject is an engrossing one, but I doubt whether it can be pursued without the risk of disturbing one's mental balance.

The Breakfast Face.

An observant writer in *Health* says: "The woman who spends her every afternoon on visits to friends is bound to develop the 'tea face.' The 'tea face' is frozen vivacity. The eyes have an uninterrupted sparkle, the head has a permanent sudden tilt of interest and expectancy, while the smile looks as if it had been done up in curl-papers overnight." One knows that face. It is preferable, however, to the breakfast face. The breakfast face is washed vacuity. The eyes have the sparkle of cold lead, the head has a weary droop and an unwillingness to turn in either direction, while the scowl looks as if it had been left out in the rain all night. By the way, I speak merely from memory. Since the day of my emancipation, some eight years ago, I have carefully avoided that pleasant, cheery, chatty, timetables-and-toast, bills-and-bacon function known, euphemistically, as the English breakfast. It is only fair to add that, to the best of my knowledge, I have never been missed. Nobody ever is missed from the English breakfast-table.

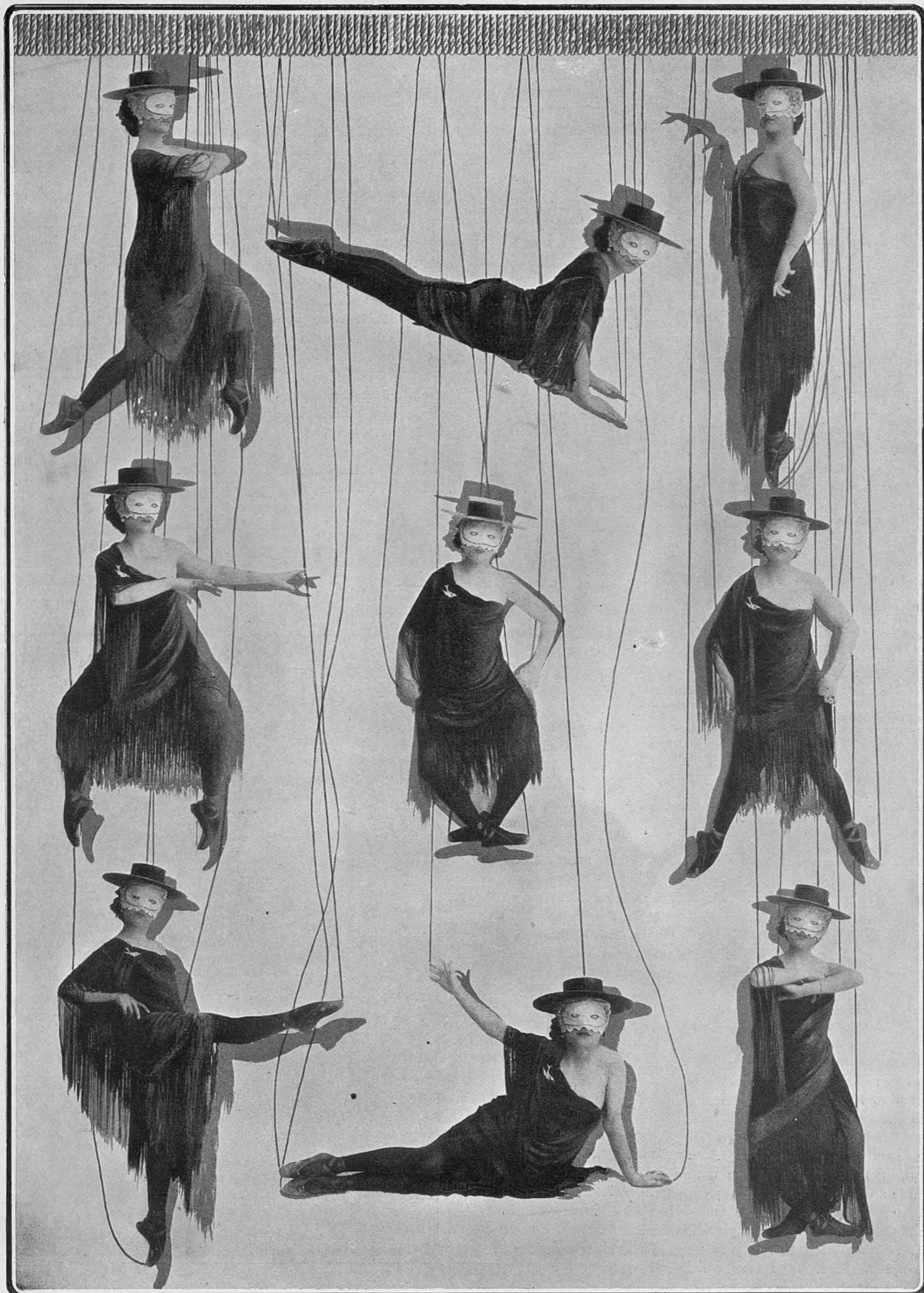
How to Listen.

The *World* offers a word of advice to those who want to be asked here and there because they talk well. "The best plan," it seems, "is to make a specialty of some one thing, however silly it may be." The suggestion is admirable. If I were a hostess, though, I think I should be inclined to ask people to my house who could listen well. Almost everybody can talk, but not one person in a hundred can listen intelligently. The art of listening, of course, consists in pretending to understand and to be interested in a subject of which you know nothing and care less. If you know anything about the subject, you will not make a good listener. The temptation to interject comments and opinions of your own will be irresistible, and the particular bore with whom you have been sent in to dinner will thereupon get huffy and think you very stupid. Ignorance alone, however, will never make you a good listener. You must also be as patient as a mole and as deceitful as a cat. You must watch the creature's face, and be ever on the alert to say "Yes, yes!" or "No, no!" or "Ha, ha!" just a second and a half before he or she gets to the end of the sentence. This indicates eager attention and enthusiastic appreciation. (I feel that, in thus describing the tactics of the complete humbug, I am rather giving myself away. Still, as a talker, I may indirectly benefit.)

The Anti-Ballooning Society.

"In another twelvemonth," the *Grand Magazine* predicts, "everybody will have his balloon. Balloons only cost a tenth of the price of motor-cars." The second statement, for all I know to the contrary, may be true. But the first, if I may venture to contradict so august a publication, is not true. The *Grand Magazine* will be surprised to learn that an Anti-Ballooning Society has already been formed, and that the members take a solemn oath to remain on Earth. This, of course, is not so much for their own good as for the sake of Earth. The President of the Society, who is a scientific expert of great fame, has calculated that, relieved of its entire human burden, the earth would be unable to resist the attraction of the sun. The very painful result I may leave to the imagination of the reader. Anyway, there is little doubt that the balloonists, homeward turning in search of luncheon, would look exceedingly foolish when they discovered that the earth had disappeared. You will at once realise, therefore, the importance of the Anti-Ballooning Society. There is no entrance-fee, and the only necessary qualification is the non-possession, so to speak, of a balloon. For further particulars, kindly apply to the hon. sec. You are requested not to mention this paper.

LE DOMINO ROUGE IN MARIONETTE-LIKE POSES.



THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED DANCER IN SOME ECCENTRIC FIGURES.

We here illustrate some of the more eccentric poses adopted by Le Domino Rouge in certain of her dances. Many of the movements are essentially marionette-like, and to emphasise this we have suggested the strings used to manipulate the ordinary marionette. It must not be thought that Le Domino Rouge is an eccentric dancer only: she can dance as gracefully as any other of her profession, as visitors to the Palace can bear witness.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

THE CLUBMAN.

*The Royal Standard to be Seen Less Frequently—The English Flag—
British Officers and French Manœuvres—The Cook at the Elysée—
Le Père Lathuille.*

THE Royal Standard, with its leopards and harp and ramping lion, will no longer be a familiar flag to the majority of Englishmen, for it is not in the future to be hoisted when salutes are fired in honour of royal birthdays, but is to be flown on buildings or ships only when the King or Queen, or someone representing the former

—which leaves the Viceroys their standards—is present. At Cowes this summer, when the great fleet of yachts assembled, the British Royal Standard was flying on all the British royal yachts; the Spanish Royal Standard flew only on the ship which carried the King of Spain, and I have little doubt that King Edward's quick eyes noticed this, and that the order was the result.



FROM BANKER AT £12,500 A YEAR TO HEAD OF THE GERMAN COLONIAL OFFICE AT £750 A YEAR: HERR BERNHARD DERNBURG.

With characteristic enterprise and with a tendency towards the American which some of his subjects do not appreciate, the Kaiser has appointed Herr Dernburg, the famous business man, head of the German Colonial Office, in place of Prince Ernst Hohenlohe-Langenberg, who has retired. Herr Dernburg started business life as a clerk, and has risen to be a banker with an income of £12,500 a year. This he sacrifices for an income of £750 a year and an official residence. He was a director of several banks, and the leader of a dozen or so industrial enterprises in Germany, as well as a director of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company.

After the Painting by Professor Steegh.

Jack, which will fly when salutes are fired, is a finer arrangement in colour than is the Royal Standard, with its patch of yellow at one corner and of blue at another. We Englishmen, however, do not use half enough the most handsome flag we are entitled to fly—our national banner of the St. George's Cross on a white ground. Here and there a church hoists it on Sundays and feasts and holidays, but it is not as generally used as it should be.

That the British officers were allowed to attend each day the assemblage of officers after the day's manœuvres during the great practice campaign in France, whilst the officers of other nations were not invited, may not seem a great honour to laymen, but it means much to the initiated, for it shows that the French Army has taken our officers to its very bosom, and that the French officers do not object to the presence of their British comrades when their faults are pointed out to them. In our Army the slang term for this assemblage is "the pow-wow." At the end of a day of mimic fighting the umpires report to the umpire-in-chief, the commanders of each side are allowed to make any explanation they wish, and then the chief umpire points out the faults that have been committed, apportions praise and blame, and gives his decision as to the result of the day's fighting. All this is very necessary and very instructive, but it is a lecture on warfare at which only very firm friends are welcome.

The President of the French Republic has given his chef "warning"—if such a term can be applied to such an august person as the cook of the head of a nation—and has selected his successor, who comes, as most good French cooks do, from the South. The reason, so I have always been told, why the Midi is the birthplace of most of the great professors of the culinary art is that in Provence

and Languedoc and Guyenne the traditions of the old Roman cookery still linger, and that we therefore owe indirectly the best dinners that we eat to-day to Lucullus and Apicius and the other gourmets of the days of the Cæsars.

I would fain drop a tear, in print, over the disappearance of one of the oldest Parisian restaurants—Le Père Lathuille. It stood on the northern heights of the city, not far from the Place de Clichy. It was cheap and comfortable, and as few Englishmen knew of its existence, I used to gain no little credit, as a man who knows his Paris, by sending my English friends there. The great glory of Le Père Lathuille was its park. The park was really a garden with one big flower-bed, and electric-lights festooned from the trees, and shelters on two sides, but the proprietor and the waiters checked one gently if one called it simply the "jardin," and substituted "parc."

Many merry parties have been held in those now departed shelters of the park of Le Père Lathuille, for the artists of Montmartre with a little money in their pockets used to feast there and make merry. I once saw at one of these merrymakings a model placed by her companions to take the place of a statue which they declared should have stood in the centre of the flower-bed. With true artistic perception, they declared that the statue should be a classic one, and, as the night was a very warm one, the pretty model had no objection to lightness of garment, and stood on a reversed pail, in little more than the costume of the Venus de Milo, amidst the blossoms, while her companions danced round the flower-bed, singing an extemporised hymn to Aphrodite.

Le Père Lathuille had its connection with the great events of history. It was in its park, which must have been larger in those days, that Marie Louise is said to have met surreptitiously with the Count de Neipperg, and there was much feasting there of royalties when the Allies entered Paris and the Russian cavalry bivouacked almost at the restaurant's doors. One of the town barriers used to stand hard by the tavern. Now the old dining-place has vanished,



MR. TREE AS A WAXWORK: THE FAMOUS ACTOR AS NERO, AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

Photograph by Burford.

and in its stead a great music-hall has arisen, and the stars of the café concert will shout their doubtful songs where a Queen whispered love in the moonlight, and I shall have to find another little-known restaurant to recommend to my friends.

'THE CHARM OF PARIS' FOR THE GAIETY.



Mlle. Gaby Delys, who is rehearsing for Messrs. Tanner and Risque's "Extravagance."

Mlle. Delys is to play in the "extravagance" to be produced at the Gaiety. She will appear as "The Charm of Paris," and show how the fair Parisienne walks, sings, and dances.—[Photographs by Professor Stebbing.]

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THE
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SEPTEMBER 15.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

AFTER leaving Rufford Abbey, where he is paying what has become an annual visit to Lord and Lady Savile, the King will proceed to Balmoral for about a fortnight's stay. Deeside will also have the felicity of welcoming Queen Alexandra, for her Majesty has given up her intention of paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Every year sees some improvement made to what was for so long

Queen Victoria's Highland home, but Edward VII. and his Consort find it impossible to spend more than a short time on Deeside, for the life of a monarch as energetic as our present Sovereign requires that he should be at a place that can claim to be more at the centre of things than Aberdeenshire. On the other hand, the Prince and Princess of Wales evidently intend to spend a considerable portion of each autumn at Abergeldie. Their Royal Highnesses' children enjoy the freedom of the life, and make themselves very popular with their neighbours. Abergeldie is a strange old stronghold, delightfully remote from the world of curious sight-seers who each year haunt the holiday abodes of royalty.

Royalty on Strathspey.

Tulchan Lodge, where the Prince of Wales has been a guest of Mr. Arthur Sassoon, and which the King is to visit, is in a secluded spot in Morayshire, standing amid woods high above the Spey. The traveller on the hilly road between Grantown and Advie, on the left bank of the river, comes upon it unexpectedly. Advie is the nearest station to it. Royal visitors are familiar in this remote region, and the King himself is thoroughly acquainted with it. Although Deeside was rendered popular by Queen Victoria's favour for Balmoral, the charms of the Spey are quite as great.

A Great Landlady. The Dowager Countess of Seafield, with whom the King is to lunch at Castle Grant during his visit to Speyside, is one of the greatest landed proprietors in Scotland. She succeeded to the vast estates of the Grants on the death of her son, the eighth Earl, from whom the title passed to his uncle. The present Earl is the eleventh, and his interests, like those of his father, have been chiefly in New Zealand. Castle Grant is a plain-looking building, and is not imposing in size, but it is placed amid extensive domains, and contains many things of interest in the history of the clan and the Highlands. Grantown, the capital of Strathspey, is surrounded by pines, and unusual liberty is given to people to walk through the woods. An interesting nine-holes golf-course draws many visitors from the South, and almost as many ladies as men play upon it. The "mixed foursomes" are a great attraction.

Prince Hohenlohe. The recent crisis at the German Colonial Department is particularly interesting to English people. The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who has just resigned the directorship of the department, is an able man, who was Regent of the Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha during the minority of the young Duke Charles Edward, the son of our own Duke of Albany. The Hereditary Prince, whose cousin, the father of Count Gleichen, married the present Lord Hertford's aunt, himself married Princess Alexandra, one of the daughters of our own Duke of Edinburgh, and thus became brother-in-law of Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, and of Princess Beatrice, the special friend of the young Queen of Spain. The Hereditary Prince, who will be forty-three on the 13th of this month, has a son and three daughters. His

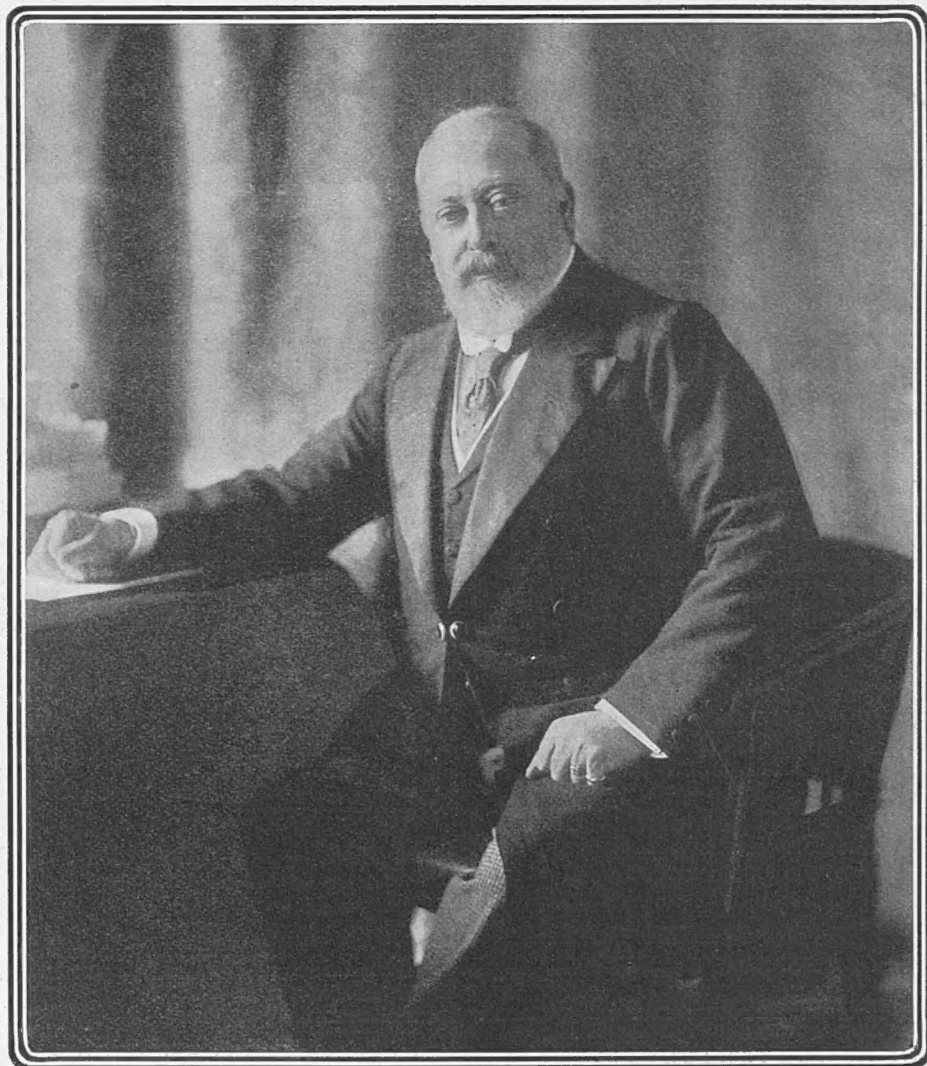
father, Prince Hohenlohe, was long the Kaiser's representative in Alsace-Lorraine, and it was thought that the son's appointment to the Colonial Office meant that he would in time succeed Prince Bülow as German Chancellor.

Kaiser à l'Américaine.

But even more astonishing to Germans than the Hereditary Prince Hohenlohe's resignation is the appointment of his successor. This is a very clever business man named Bernhard Dernburg, the son of a journalist who still writes for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and who, as one of the German journalists visiting England recently, delivered an oration at the grave of Shakspeare. The Kaiser, who used to be charged with "Muscovitism," is now accused of "Americanism" in thus preferring a man whom German aristocrats do not regard as "born" at all. However, his Majesty has, as usual, the courage of his opinions, for he has created Herr Dernburg a "Geheimrath" of the first class, with the title of Excellency. The new Excellency certainly deserved something of the kind, for, though he is only forty-one, he has been making out of his various banking and railway interests quite £12,500 a year, and now he gives all that up for a post which is worth only £750 a year! The Herr Geheimrath is said to be violently energetic, rather short-tempered, impatient of contradiction, and naturally sanguine. To judge by recent scandals in the colonial administration of the Fatherland, he will have plenty of scope for his peculiar gifts.

French's Cucumbers.

Sir John French, who, as head of the British Mission, has been received with such significant honour at the French Army manœuvres, was the adored only brother of six sisters. At a very early age he explained that as "the only man of the family" it was his duty to conduct family prayers. This was conceded, but was hastily withdrawn when Johnny petitioned, "Cut us not off as cucumbers of the ground." He meant cumberers!



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE KING: A FRENCH PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS MAJESTY.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

*Where and How
Our Minister of
War Learnt
German.*

No British commoner has ever received so warm a welcome from the German official world—headed, of course, by the Emperor—as has the present Secretary of State for War. This is doubtless owing in a measure to the brilliant Scottish statesman's remarkable command of the German language, first acquired by him in the days when he was a quiet young student at Göttingen. It was while a member of the famous German University that he acquired a respect for, and understanding of, that Teutonic quality of thoroughness that has made modern Germany what she is to-day. Mr. Haldane showed true Scotch caniness in desiring to see something of the inner organisation of the Berlin War Office rather than enjoy the more showy but unpractical manoeuvres in which soldier-men take such delight. Since he took office he has done everything in his power to improve the scientific side of the British Army, and in this connection it is interesting to remember that Mr. Haldane's remarkable expert knowledge of cordite—a knowledge acquired by him in connection with



MR. HALDANE AS A GERMAN STUDENT, THE BRITISH WAR-MINISTER WHEN HE WAS AT GÖTTINGEN.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

a famous law case—was the reason why he was offered a seat on the Explosives Committee.

Two Fair Russian Politicians.

Madame and Made-moiselle Mouromtseff, the wife and daughter of the ex-President of the ex-Duma, are the most interesting feminine personalities in the Russian political world. Before her marriage to the remarkable Professor who was destined to take so prominent a part in securing his country its first form of Constitutional government, Madame Mouromtseff was a singer, held in high esteem at the Imperial Court, where her exquisite voice often charmed the melan-

except to you and to yet I know that peace should be secured." He summoned the members of his family to his side, and they, hearing of his intention, begged him on bended knees not to put his threat into execution. But he had already swallowed the lethal draught. The doctor, urged by the other members of the family, said that it was not too late for an antidote to undo the mischief. But the Tsar refused his assistance, and bade the doctor, as he valued his own head, to obey him. His mandate was obeyed, and soon all Europe was ringing with the news of his unexpected death.

A Drunkards' Club.

An extraordinary club or society has

that gallant sportsman marched away. It was something to show the wife that he was warrior in the stubbles, if not upon the battlefields of life! You could imagine no greater contrast than the *état d'âme* of the outgoing and the incoming hosts. They went away vowing slaughter of the whole tribe of pheasants and partridges; they returned sorrowfully confessing they had had a poor day. One man, however, turned a proud face to ill-fortune. "The game," he said, "rose up too close to my gun, and I would not fire. I am a sportsman, not a butcher."

An Imperial Suicide? The desperate condition of Russia, and the perils to which the Tsar is perpetually exposed, so as to make his life barely worth living, recall a tremendously tragic story, which was told in the highest circles, of the death of Nicholas I. After he had received the story of Inkermann, the story which made him rage with fury and indignation, he sent for his physician, and made him prepare a slow poison. "I have been guilty of a great mistake in entering upon this disastrous war," he said. "I am conscious of it, but I may not own it, my family. I am too proud to sue for peace,



WIFE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE EX-DUMA: MME. MOUROMTSEFF.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



DAUGHTER OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE EX-DUMA: MLE. MARIE MOUROMTSEFF.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

choly of Alexander II. Later on, among those who appreciated both Professor Mouromtseff and his wife was the Grand Duke Serge; and of him, as of his lovely half-English Grand Duchess, this accomplished lady has but good to say. This spring Madame Mouromtseff and her daughter Marie, whose ambition it is to become, in her turn, a professional musician, made a long sojourn in Paris, where they were much lionised, and where the young girl—who, by the way, sings in seven languages—made her début as a vocalist. The increasing gravity of the situation in St. Petersburg caused the two ladies to hasten home, where they shared in the President's perils and triumphs, and where they are even now constantly exposed to the chances of a frightful death from bomb or pistol-shot.

"La Chasse!" "Un lièvre et deux perdreaux—comme l'année dernière," we heard him whisper to a game-dealer at the Paris Halles. That was on Sunday evening, the "Glorious Second," when shooting opened in France. With his gun upon his shoulder and his bought game therefrom suspended,



AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES VERSUS THE WEATHER: MR. EDWIN GOULD LANDING AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, AFTER SLEEPING ABOARD HIS YACHT.

Certain of the American millionaires have spent their summer nights at sea, instead of on land, sleeping on their yachts and coming ashore daily for business. Among those who have been doing this are Mr. Edwin Gould and Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

just been founded in Brabant, for the purpose of seeing to their homes those members who allow themselves to be overcome by wine to such an extent that they are unable to look after themselves. For sevenpence the reveller can be taken home without any ceremony, but the cost is only threepence more if he requires to be handled very carefully. For one-and-threepence he can be carried in a litter, for one-and-tenpence in one of those trucks drawn by dogs, and for two shillings and a penny in a hand-cart. All the club property is kept scrupulously clean, and the utmost politeness is demanded of the servants. Anyone going out to dinner can send his orders beforehand, saying where he is to be picked up, or if the subscriber is accidentally overcome the headquarters can be rung up on the telephone, and the required conveyance sent round at once. Promptitude and discretion are the watchwords of the society, and it is evident that Brabant is getting a little ashamed of the way in which its citizens were exposed to the winds of heaven if they were so unfortunate as not to be able to find their way home in the evening.



LADY ST. OSWALD AND TWO OF
HER CHILDREN.—[Photo Langlier]

SOME DONCASTER HOSTESSES.



THE KING'S HOSTESS:
LADY SAVILE.



LADY FITZWILLIAM.
[Photograph by Thomson.]



MRS. RUPERT BECKETT.
[Photograph by Thomson.]

Paris in the Heat Wave.

Paris adapts itself more readily to the heat wave than London does. It is natural for our gay neighbours to acquire the out-of-door

manner even while pursuing a city life; they have it already. Persons of the *petit monde* perpetually take their meals on the *terrasse* of the restaurant, and the business man will discuss his affairs there rather than immure his client in a stuffy office. Moreover, great wide, green-leaved spaces are in touch with the town. In the Bois you will find a dozen restaurants where you may dine and even sleep. The open-air cure is possible within hail of a vast modern city. One's summer entertainment, too, is under the stars—listening to those other "stars," behind the footlights. This is upon the Champs Elysées, where the night air is rent with orchestras and the metallic notes of café-concert artists. Earlier in the day, the *guignol* has been playing to a band of children under those same trees, along the great highway of kings. Nor is an excursion by water a whit troublesome to make. Swift steamers convey you to the Bois de Vincennes, or, in the opposite direction, to the pleasant Park of St. Cloud. Yet September's fiery prelude has been a little too much for the seasoned Parisian, though he tries to keep cool in a white colonial suit and beneath a green umbrella.

The Derby of the North.

Doncaster is enjoying its red-letter week, and the King has once more journeyed far in order to see the St. Leger won and lost. His Majesty is, as usual, the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at splendid Rufford Abbey, first visited by him as Prince of Wales in the 'eighties, when his host was that most popular of men-about-town, Mr. Augustus Lumley-Savile. Lady Savile is one of the smartest and most cosmopolitan of great hostesses; she has exquisite taste, and since her husband inherited Rufford Abbey she has effected many improvements there, and created a singularly beautiful garden. In the library, one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, hangs a fine portrait of Edward VII., painted by Mr. Augustus Lumley-Savile, who was a noted amateur artist. During Doncaster Week it has been the custom for the Rufford Abbey party to attend the races each day by train, but this year they will doubtless motor to the historic Heath, for is not the car of great or little horse-power the vehicle for every occasion nowadays?

Other Doncaster Hostesses.

Another great Doncaster hostess is Lady Fitzwilliam, whose palatial country home, Wentworth Woodhouse, is said to be the largest mansion in the kingdom. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam do not keep up quite such state as did those of their forebears whose annual progress from Wentworth to the Town Moor used to be quite royal in its pomp and circumstance. It was with the Lord Fitzwilliam of

that day that Queen Victoria stayed during the Doncaster Week of 1835, two years before her accession. The present mistress of Wentworth Woodhouse is both beautiful and clever. As Lady Maud Dundas, she married Lord Milton just ten years ago, but the latter only came into his kingdom in 1902—that is, on the death of his grandfather. Lady St. Oswald is also very faithful to Doncaster, and this year she and Lord St. Oswald have come from Scotland in order to entertain a party of their friends at Nostell Priory. This interesting house, a perfect example of a mediæval priory, is full of rare and curious things, including perhaps the most perfect doll's-house in the world, for it is fitted with miniature Chippendale furniture and a tiny chest of miniature Queen Anne silver. Lady St. Oswald was one of the Miss Forbes, of Newe; thus she is a sister of Mrs. Willie James and a niece of Georgiana, Lady Dudley. Yet a third Doncaster hostess is Mrs. Rupert Beckett, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Berkeley Paget. She has the pleasant reputation of being the best dressed woman in Society, and is a favourite younger friend of the Royal Family. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett receive at The Lodge, Doncaster, and are in agreeable proximity to the racecourse. Mr. Rupert Beckett entertains, as a rule, that section of the great world which goes in seriously for the sport of kings, and so Mrs. Rupert Beckett is often hostess to the most interesting party brought together in honour of the September racing festival.

"Tommy" Long- ford's Trousers.

Lord Longford, who is Silver Stick during September, is the head of the great Pakenham clan, and a breezy person withal. Although he is in that extremely smart regiment, the "2nd Life," he is quite famous for being badly dressed. The story goes that a friend once met him in Ireland garbed in a pair of continuations which were not on speaking terms with his boots, and chaffed him mercilessly about the "lucid interval" that occurred between them. But "Tommy," in no wise disconcerted, blandly explained that it was really a matter of high politics. "You see, my dear fellow, the breeches were made by a tailor who is a rampant Orangeman, while the boots are the achievement of a Fenian cobbler, so how can you expect 'em to meet?" Another story declares that one night at mess the officers were discussing their plans for the next day, and Lord Longford observed that he intended to stop and dress picket-ropes. The Colonel couldn't resist the temptation of saying like lightning, "Well, I only hope you'll dress them better than you dress yourself!"

SURPRISES! CRICKETERS WHO HAVE ASTONISHED THEIR FOLLOWERS THIS YEAR.

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

I HAVE been asked to write a short article on the above subject, and approach the task with some little diffidence, knowing that what may have surprised me will not have surprised my reader, and vice-versâ. However, in a general way I think it is quite fair to say that the following have surprised not only their immediate supporters and friends, but followers of cricket also. K. L. Hutchings (Kent), F. Woolley (Kent), J. W. H. T. Douglas (Essex), Dennett (Gloucestershire), and shall I say Hayward (Surrey) and Hirst (Yorkshire)? Well, the two last named have done unusually well for even two such great cricketers as the world knows them to be, so they are neither of them out of place in this gallery.

Dealing with Hutchings first, I may say at once that his success did not surprise me individually, as two or three years ago I saw in club cricket some of the form he has shown this year for Kent. The fiercest hitter, without exception, now playing, he thoroughly startled the world of cricket shortly before the annual big match at Lord's, and, to the joy of many, was rewarded with an invitation to assist the

Gentlemen. Since then he has been freely mentioned as a certainty for England should a Test match team have been required this season or an M.C.C. team to tour in Australia. Personally, I would rather have A. C. MacLaren on this year's form than Hutchings, because the latter is not a sound starter yet, and his inclusion would be proportionately risky. He is worth playing for England for

his fielding, and, of course, the chance of his early escapades with the bat not being punished, in which case there is no batsman in the country more likely to tie the Australian bowling into the proverbial knot than he. His batting is mainly forearm and wrist, the

splendid timing assisting the powerful stroke that makes things unbearable for mid-off and cover. This year we have not had wet wickets, and before he, or anyone else, is chosen to play for England he must show capacity to get runs on hard and sticky wickets. Otherwise, the Test match standard is surely not reached.

F. Woolley, a product of the Tonbridge nursery, came with a bang at just about the same time as Hutchings's big vein of run-getting, and was freely bruited about as a second Blythe with the ball and a second Francis Ford with the bat. Of course, he is neither yet, and it is very hard luck on a promising young cricketer to be placed in a class to which he does not belong. Woolley may be a very fine bat some day, but it is improbable he will ever be a great slow left-hand bowler unless he improves out of all knowledge. There is plenty of time for

cricketers should, but has improved in this respect. At the same time he will have to go on improving in order not heavily to discount his work with bat and ball that is now so very full of promise.

Dennett shares with Blythe the honour of being the best slow left-hand bowler in the country, but he will be the first to admit that his wonderful August figures are a good deal due to the fielding reinforcements Gloucestershire annually receives during the holiday month. That brilliant and certain fielding has encouraged Jack Board behind the stumps to do greater things, and so Dennett has been quite in his element with an all-ten-wickets performance against Essex, and fifteen and a dozen in a match at different times. He belongs to the category of bowlers who beat their victim while the ball is in the air, and though this makes him, with his quiet, untiring action, an ideal bowler for an Australian tour, perhaps the quick-footed Australians might make it a failure for him, as he usually gives a determined and nimble batsman ample time to get to the pitch.

Finally, George

Hirst. Only a few days ago it was recorded that he had got his 200th wicket and secured his 200th run of the season. The runs we expected, but the wickets scarcely. The number of his victims proves only too clearly what I have written about him for years—that he beats his man "in the air," and is more independent of the state of the wicket than any of our great bowlers. Thus the fact, which we so often read, that the wicket just suited Hirst's bowling is, in nine out of ten cases, all moonshine. The angle of the wind is far more important, and as to that we are usually left entirely in the dark. No man has ever before taken 200 wickets and made 2000 runs, and I should say it will be many years before anyone will again.



HAYWARD (SURREY).



J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS (ESSEX).



K. L. HUTCHINGS (KENT).



DENNETT (GLOUCESTERSHIRE)

Photograph by Foster.



GEORGE HIRST (YORKSHIRE).

Photographs by Foster, Brighton.



F. WOOLLEY (KENT).

Photograph by Fisk Moore, Canterbury.

THE GREATEST SUFFERER FROM THE HEAT WAVE.



Neville Kingston, F.Z.S.

LONGING FOR THE WINTER: A POLAR BEAR.

From the Photographic Study by Neville Kingston, F.Z.S.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Dismissing the Enemy.

The word of the medical faculty having gone forth against alcohol as a medicine, it would be interesting to know what will happen to the wine-cellars of members of the Faculty who support the view of Sir Victor Horsley. Now and again men converted to temperance have not been content that their wine-cellars should remain the enemy under foot. Justice Crampton, one of the Judges who sentenced O'Connell, actively associated himself with a temperance revival during his day. Example, he determined, should in his own case accord with precept. So his wine-cellar was destroyed. He may have been a hero in the matter to his valet; he certainly was not to his butler. The man burst forth almost weeping, "There's the plugs drawn out of the barrels, and the blessed drink running all about the country. Sure, if he was a Judge twenty times over he must have a hog's head on his shoulders that would do the like of this!"

Kissing the Ready-Reckoner.

after swearing with uplifted hand as upon a Testament which unclean lips have kissed for an age. It is singular, by the way, that while the gloves presented to a Judge are symbolic of clean-handed justice, no witness may take the book or the oath except he or she be ungloved. The idea, apparently, is everything; the fact matters little. When the late Lord Iddesleigh was placed on the Commission of the Peace for Devonshire, he attended in due course to be sworn. The book upon which he was to take the oath—a discoloured, rather disreputable-looking volume, bound with tape which had once been red—aroused his suspicions. He cut the tape with his knife, and discovered, to everybody's surprise, that for a generation the Justices for Devon had been sworn on—a ready-reckoner!

A Difficult Proposition.

All goes well with the son and heir of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and it only remains to be hoped that the youngster's uncles and aunts are as fond of it as are its adoring parents. Young people, especially very young people, have such original ways of looking at these domestic joys. A quite well-authenticated story of the advent of the last of Queen Victoria's olive-branches serves for illustration. A short time before the happy event was expected, the Prince Consort took one of the royal children aside, and in course of conversation casually said, "I think, my dear, it is very likely that the Queen will soon present you with another little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?" The child thought out the matter with puckered brows for a few minutes, then gravely said, "Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony."

A Might-Have-Been.

Had Lord Anglesey lived in the time of Mr. Gladstone, he might possibly have hoped to attain a high position in the Church. Justification for the saying is found in a story which Lord Rosebery related some years ago, of a visit which he paid the Grand Old Man during the time that the latter was Premier. "You look a good deal worried, Mr. Gladstone," said his visitor. His host admitted that his appearance was justified by the facts. "Of course, anyone can understand that," said Lord Rosebery. "There is Egypt and there is Ireland"—two questions which at the hour had assumed colossal importance. But Mr. Gladstone waved these aside. "It is not that," he said. "I am harassed at this moment with the task of finding a Welsh-speaking Bishop for a Welsh see." Now the Marquess is learning to speak Welsh, that he may converse with his tenants in their native tongue.

Walking Jewel-Cases.

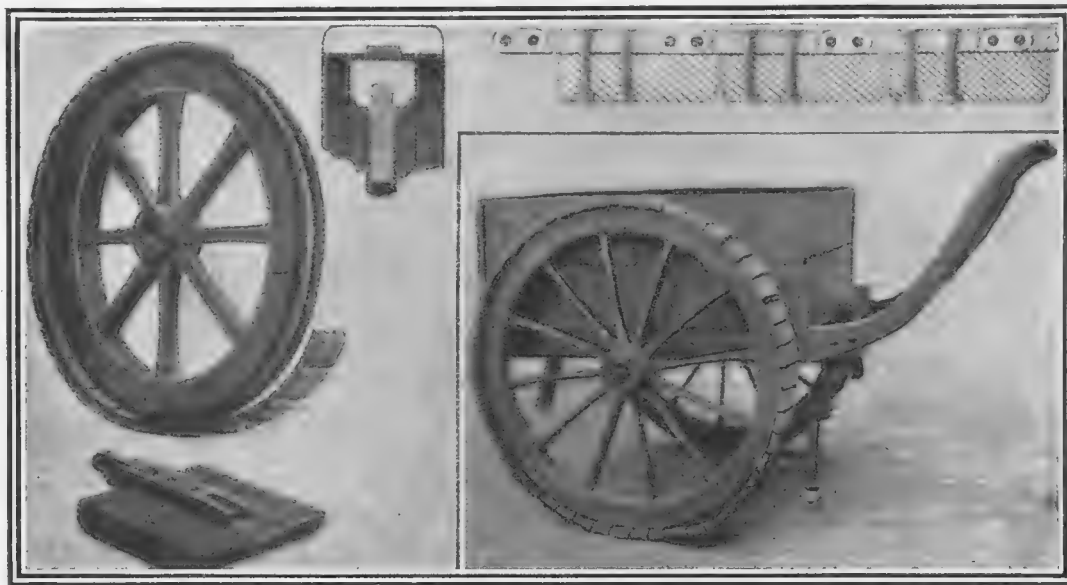
The famous "blue diamond" case, which has caused so much comment, would never have been heard of had a thief accustomed to the tricks of Oriental travellers laid hands upon the gem. For the practice is, or was, to secrete the most valuable of treasure in a small tube of silver, make an incision in the skin, and bury the receptacle within it. The

flesh grows over the wound, and little inconvenience is felt by the hero. The plan seems an improvement upon that of the ancients, who, when in danger, swallowed their valuables, as one of Dickens's youthful characters swallowed the bead necklace. Whether the money rattled or not we are left to speculate, but it is certain that the Romans slew many Jews to possess the treasures within them.

"Confessions."

Whatever be the outcome of the confessions in two serious cases now engaging attention in the criminal courts, the authorities have had far too wide an experience of these incriminatory testimonies to rely upon them implicitly. Sensational crimes almost invariably bring sensational "confessions," which, nine times out of ten, have

no foundation in fact. One of the most notable examples came to light only just in time to prevent a grave miscarriage of justice. Against a perfectly innocent woman charges had been preferred by her husband with a view to divorce. The case went from trial to trial, and eventually reached the House of Lords. Here a clergyman came forward at the eleventh hour and made a terribly serious charge against the lady. This evidence seemed destined to turn the day against her. But before a decision could be irrevocably announced, the witness surrendered to the police and confessed to a series of forgeries. Inquiry showed that the charge thus brought against himself was wholly baseless. It was as imaginary as the statement he had made against the woman. The discovery of his madness was made just in time to preserve her fair fame.



A WHEEL THAT CARRIES ITS OWN RAIL.

Writing in the *Scientific American*, Dr. F. Houssay says: "The reduction of tractive effort produced by the use of rails suggested to me the idea of constructing a wheel which should carry its own rail. The difference between traction on rails and traction on roads and fields is enormous. According to Poncelet's experiments, a horse drawing a loaded cart of a total weight of 1000 kilogrammes (2200 lb.) over dry, sandy, level ground exerts a pull of 250 kilogrammes (550 lb.), while the traction is reduced on smooth stone pavement to 30 kilogrammes (66 lb.), and on iron rails in good condition to 7 kilogrammes (15.2 lb.) or even to 5 kilogrammes (11 lb.) if the axles are continually lubricated. The base of my portable track consists of a series of rectangular wooden blocks, with their lower edges rounded and their lower faces shod with sheet iron. In the upper face is a shallow transverse groove into which a short segment of iron rail is fitted and fastened to the block with two rivets. The length of the rail is equal to the width of the block, but it is placed unsymmetrically, so that one-quarter of its length projects beyond one side of the block. Therefore, if several blocks are laid on the ground, side by side and in contact, with their protruding rails pointing in the same direction, each of these projections will fall in the groove of the next block, and the rail segments will also touch each other, forming a continuous rail. Consecutive segments of rail are then fastened together by short iron bars, which enter mortises in the ends of the segments, and are secured by pins which pass through holes in the ends of the bars and the sides of the mortises. When all the rail segments and their attached wooden blocks have been assembled in this way, the result is an endless chain or band, somewhat longer than the circumference of the wheel to which it is to be applied. The face of the wheel has a groove lined with iron, which the rail enters and which constitutes the bearing surface. As the jointed rail is longer than the circumference of the wheel, the segments in front of the lower part of the wheel, when the latter is in motion, become separated from it, and are gently deposited on the ground, forming a smooth and straight or nearly straight track, at least two segments long, upon which the wheel can run with all the advantage that would be afforded by a rail of indefinite length."

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



STONE WATER-TANKS SHAPED LIKE A SHIP, IN ZANZIBAR.

Our photograph shows a series of stone water-tanks in the form of a ship at Zanzibar. The Sultan's Palace is behind the palm-trees, and the tower in the background, which is the only harbour-work, carries an electric light, which serves to guide ships coming into the roadstead and to light the square in front of the palace.



A FLOATING HOME FOR BRITISH OFFICIALS IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

The vessel, which is a sound steel hulk, is stationed at Muregi, at the junction of the Niger and Kaduna, and has been converted into a rest-house for British officers and Government officials waiting for steamers to take them up or down either of the rivers. It is the permanent residence of the Marine Superintendent.



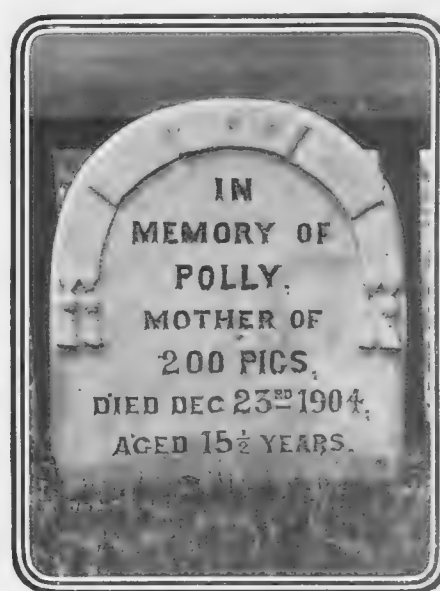
"RINGS ON HER TOES."

Our photograph shows a Tamil girl's foot and ankle. The anklets are of pure silver, and weigh from eight to ten pounds, and the toe-rings, which are fastened to the toes by copper bands, are of the purest rupee silver.



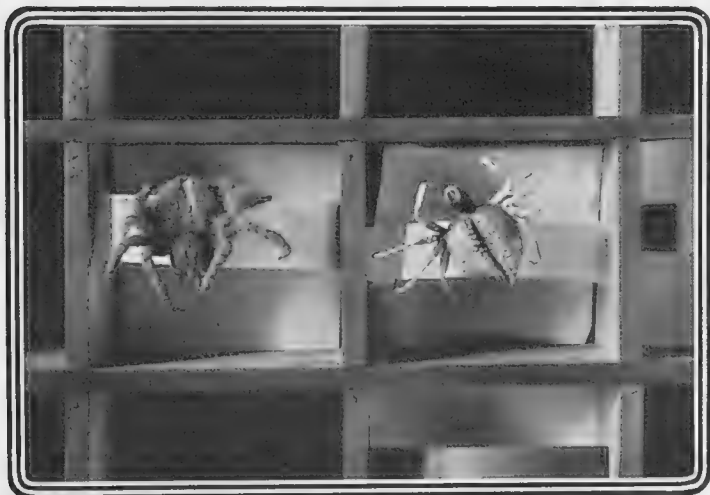
WHALEBONES AS RUBBING-POSTS FOR CATTLE.

These rubbing-posts for cattle are made of whale's jaws, are to be seen in the village of Hawsker, near Whitby, and represent the whale trade formerly carried on at that place. They stand twelve feet or so above the ground.



A TOMBSTONE TO A PIG.

Tombstones to dogs, cats, and even horses, are comparatively common, but to pigs they must be very rare. Perhaps, however, Polly was more deserving of a monument than others of her kind. Her epitaph at least suggests it.

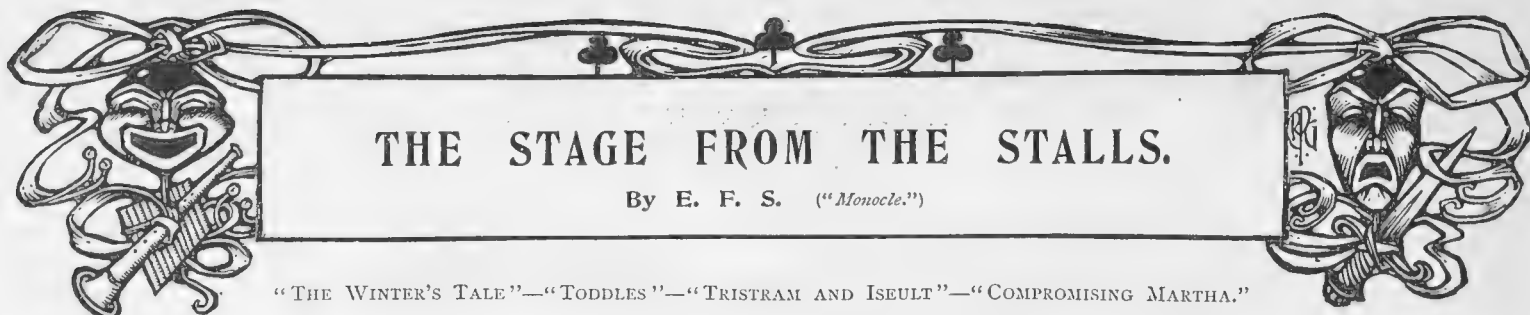


WEAVERS OF SPIDER-WEB GOWNS: MADAGASCAR SPIDERS AT HOME.

The gown of spiders' webs is now a fact, and the homes of millions of spiders are gathered, unwound, and woven into silken, shimmering fabrics. The industry is carried on in Madagascar under the management of M. Gallieni, the Governor, who has been appointed manager of the factory by the French authorities. The spiders are caught in the mango groves, and kept in the specially prepared cells shown in the left-hand photograph. Despite the fact that they are particularly obstinate, the spiders keep the looms busy. The female is more valuable than the male, and a healthy spider will yield about 14,000 yards of silky thread a month, given one winding each week. The thread is the colour of gold, and is woven into tissues of wonderful suppleness and strength. It takes nearly 700,000 spiders to spin a pound of silk in the raw.



SPIDERS THAT SPIN SILK FOR LADIES' DRESSES: A MALE (ON THE LEFT) AND A FEMALE SPINNER.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE WINTER'S TALE"—"TODDLES"—"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT"—"COMPROMISING MARTHA."

THE recent celebrations of Miss Ellen Terry's fiftieth year on the stage were based on the fact that in 1856 she played Mamillius in Charles Kean's production of "The Winter's Tale," a historical fact which Mr. Tree has now invested with a still more vivid reality by enabling her to represent Hermione in 1906. That she has, as we are told, long wished to play the part, and yet not done so till now, is no doubt the play's fault, and not hers or Mr. Tree's. By common consent, and with all due respect to Shakspeare, it is agreed that there have been many better plays than "The Winter's Tale." Few can take very much interest in any of the characters, from the wildly jealous Leontes to the pretty and entirely conventional Perdita; and the players in this particular revival have not, with one or two exceptions, chosen the proper course of devoting most of their attention to a careful and conscientious delivery of the verse. Mr. Warner, for instance, who plays Leontes with the energy and passion which he throws into all his work, breaks up his lines and drops his voice at important points in a manner showing little respect for the author; Mr. C. W. Somerset is by no means happy as the rogue Autolycus, and his omission of the songs set down for him is but typical of a rather curiously conceived rendering of the part; and Camillo (Mr. Lyn Harding), Polixenes (Mr. Julius Knight), Florizel (Mr. Basil Gill), Perdita (Miss Tree), and Paulina (Mrs. Tree), though all well acted, are not people who arouse much interest. After all, the revival is for the sake of Miss Terry, and so far as she is concerned it is fully justified, for in beauty and dignity her Hermione is a notable addition to her long gallery of Shakspearean portraits, and is the best and most impressive celebration that could be imagined of a very remarkable fact in the history of our stage.

Mr. Cyril Maude, now under the management of Mr. Frohman, has begun his season at the Duke of York's with an adaptation of a French farce which may win favour, since a fair amount of the irresponsible gaiety of the original has been successfully preserved. "Toddles" (the "Triplepatte" of MM. Tristran Bernard and André Gôdfernaux) is a comic Peer of the weak-minded "Johnny" type which will never be obsolete upon the stage, and the fun, which sometimes flags but is often quite entertaining, lies in the remorselessness of his pursuit by various people who wish to see him married. The best moments occur during the "at home" of the vulgar wife of a wealthy banker, who, being bored himself, advises his guests to go to bed, and at the celebration of the civil wedding before a highly comic mayor; the weakest and least adaptable to a British atmosphere are in the scene where nearly all the characters visit Toddles as he rises from his bed. Mr. Maude is as amusing as he can be under unusual circumstances, and some clever work is done by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Cosham, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Alice Crawford, Miss Helen Ferrers, and Miss Nancy Price.

How gladly would I write critiques in verse
If editors would pay a higher price
For verse than prose; but, knowing far too well
That writing verse is quite a simple job,
And easier much than writing decent prose,
They won't.

Really I do not think that stuff any worse than the ruck and run of Mr. Comyns Carr's in "Tristram and Iseult." When "King

Arthur" was produced he was told by not a few that he is not a poet, but apparently was unconvinced, for his new work is in blank verse, with some short lyrics and passages in prose. What a pity! Here is a workmanlike play, not exactly imaginative, on a great subject. Why not have handed a prose version of it to one of the poets who cannot write plays? We have a good many competent poets who are not dramatists, as well as dramatists who are not poets, and one of the former might, in collaboration with the adapter of "Oliver Twist," have produced a drama of real literary value.

No doubt, Mr. Carr's piece contains better lines than those I have scribbled, but is this sort of thing more valuable?—

That oath of vengeance sworn so
long ago,
Were I not all too weak, had
long ago
Been satisfied. Thy valour saved
thee then—
Thy valour and King Gormon's
plighted word.
Yet know, though thou art free, that
oath endures,
And the sword's point that found
the servant armed
May haply strike his master!

TRISTRAM. What means this?

Well, it means that Mr. Carr is not a poet, and that Mr. Otho Stuart, nobly anxious to produce valuable drama, has made a mistake about the quality of the play. Does this matter much? I doubt. The piece was well received because it is quite a strong melodrama mounted in a style that caused the house to murmur "How pretty!" and even "How sweetly pretty!" and a popular company presented it with sincerity.

The most noteworthy performance was the admirable Iseult of Miss Lily Brayton. Mr. Matheson Lang, though rather overweighted by Tristram, acted ably; Miss Wynne-Matthison played the part of Brangwaine in excellent style; Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Gertrude Scott represented two melodramatic parts with a good deal of power; and Mr. Brydone's work as the hero's attendant was of great value.

At the Haymarket Theatre Mr. Frederick Harrison has been content to go on with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Henry Kemble, and the rest of his excellent company in "The Man from Blankley's," but for a curtain-raiser he has put on Mr. Keble Howard's delightful little village idyll, "Compromising Martha." The play was recently "discovered" by "The Pioneers," and with its delicately humorous story and clever sketches of rustic character it has made, and will continue to make, a strong appeal to wider audiences. It tells how Monica used to meet the Curate in Martha's cottage while Martha was asleep; how Martha was put on her guard by a genial and gossiping neighbour and caught them in the act of a kiss; and how she was wheedled into deciding to say nothing about it. Mr. Howard has given his players something worth playing, and, as is usual in such cases, they do it very well. Miss Florence Haydon is a very charming old Martha; Miss Lydia Rachel is quite delightfully rustic as the neighbour; and the two lovers are pleasantly acted by Miss Elfrida Clement and Mr. E. W. Tarver. The little comedy was well received by an audience that was considerably larger than that usually present for first pieces.



"THE WINTER'S TALE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S; MR. CHARLES WARNER
AS LEONTES.

Photograph by Burford.

AFTER THE GAME WAS OVER.



SHE: That Miss Hardstuf plays quite a man's game.
HE: Beastly ungentlemanly, I call it.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

AMERICANS OF WHOM THE BEAUTIFUL PARISIENNES WERE AFRAID.

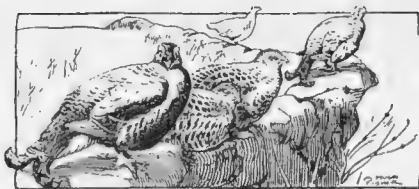


A number of American ladies, winners in a competition in which the readers of an American journal were asked to name their most popular countrywomen, recently visited England and France. Fair Parisiennes, hearing of their arrival, began to fear for their supremacy, for they had heard that their visitors were the most beautiful women in the United States. To reassure them, a French journal published an illustrated article on the true facts of the case. The American ladies have now returned to their own country, and have had their revenge: they state that the Parisiennes are "the most artificial and with the most false hair they encountered." The Scotch they found the most cordial; the English, the handsomest; the English woman, the sweetest, but the worst dressed, and with the longest feet.

BEAUTIFUL "MANIKINS": ANOTHER JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

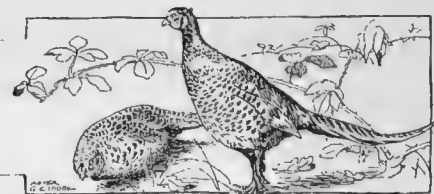


The beauty of the Paris mannequin (rendered into barbarous English, "manikin"), whose business it is to fascinate ladies into purchasing gowns by exhibiting them on their own charming persons, is proverbial; but even amongst beauties there must be some who take higher rank than others, and this was recognised by the organisers of a beauty competition recently held in Paris. Only those directly connected with dressmaking could enter for the contest. All the great Paris houses were represented, either by their workers or their mannequins.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

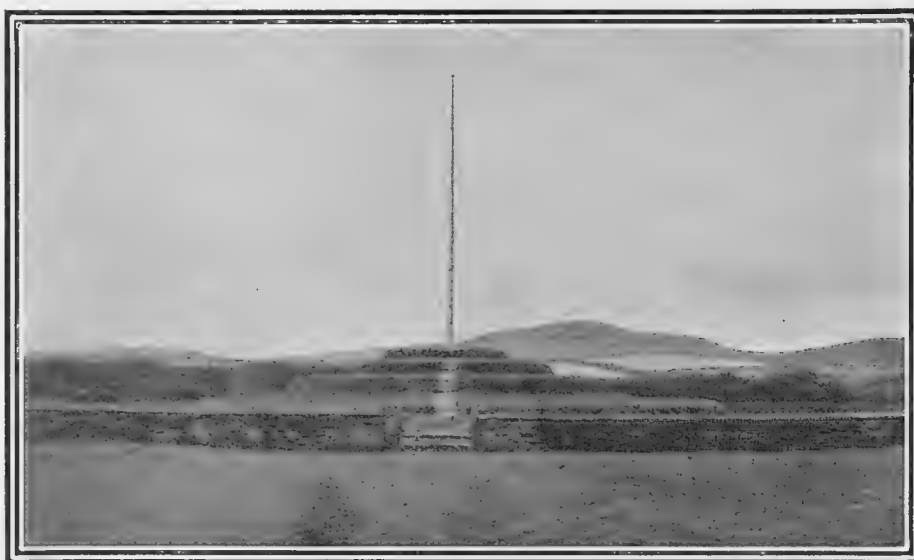
*"Pot-Hunting"
Out of Season.*

Tramping across some fields one day in last September with a gamekeeper who was one of those curious combinations of prejudice and erudition that are met so often in Scotland, I asked my companion how the country-folk who last of the visitors from the South had gone back, and the normal life of the countryside was resumed. The picture he gave me had many attractive features; and it settled questions that I had often asked myself at a season when it was impossible to get an answer. On farm lands from which the tenant had departed for the season shooting was pursued on strictly business principles. There must be no waste of cartridges, and the pot-hunter was regarded as the only sober type of sporting man. "The grouse," said my informant, "have no law at all." They had packed, and their tactics had to be met by sheer cunning. Where the stooks were left standing (and sometimes a few that were rain-rotten were never cleared) men would hide carefully within range, wait until the hungry grouse had gathered together, and then "fire into the brown." Rabbits were being trapped all over the country-side, the trappers moving from one farm to another, getting so much per day for their labour. There was considerable netting of every kind of game bird. It was carried on more or less secretly, but well within the knowledge of a few, and the keeper told me that when there had been a big day at the pheasants on the place he looked after, few of the birds that went far afield ever came back. In the hours when daylight is just beginning to peep over the rim of the hills there would be stray shots here and there.

*The River
Poacher.*

Still later in the month, just before returning to town, I had a chat with one of the river bailiffs, and asked him about salmon-poaching. He told me that the close times for the rod, which start in November, were seldom or never observed save by respectable, law-abiding people. Fish that were not in condition and were coming down from the spawning-beds, or late fish going up to deposit their eggs in the redds, were watched and taken in some of the quiet corners of the tributary streams along which they passed. I asked why it was not possible to lay hands on the poachers, and he pointed out that, while it is easy to keep an eye over a large stretch of river, it is difficult to watch all the little tributaries to which the fish go in the breeding season. Sometimes the rods were out after closing season, more often than not fish were speared in the shallows, and it was quite beyond the power of any man to cover the amount of

ground allotted to him. Moreover, he added, with a touch of caution that was very heartfelt, when men went to take a salmon out of season they seldom went alone, and if they could secure their safety by breaking the head of a water bailiff, they would not hesitate to do so. "That's why salmon are decreasing," he went on, speaking with the experience of some thirty years.



WHERE THE MANX LAWS ARE PROCLAIMED: TYNWALD HILL, ISLE OF MAN.

Every law passed by the Manx Legislature must be promulgated from Tynwald Hill before it can be put into force. The Lieut-Governor and the members of the Court attend divine service at the church close by, and then march in procession to the hill. The church and steps leading to the summit of the mound are strewn with rushes, a custom in place of rent-charge from the neighbouring estate. Formerly the laws were read in full, both in Manx and English, but now only the head and side references are read. After the promulgation, the procession is re-formed, and the documents are signed in the church by the Governor and Councillors. The ceremony has taken place annually on the hill shown for over 300 years. Before that time it was held at Kirk Michael. The mound is supposed to have been made of earth from each of the seventeen parishes of the island.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

of fish out of season. Old kippers going up to the breeding grounds and spent kelts coming down from them were constantly caught and brought to table quite out of condition, for in those days, if there were any restrictions, they were seldom enforced, and many of the streams were hardly overlooked at all. "No man," said the water bailiff, "objects to a good salmon."



UP 199 STEPS TO CHURCH: EAST CLIFF, WHITBY, SHOWING THE PARISH CHURCH AND THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY.

To reach the church worshippers have to mount no fewer than 199 steps. Some of these may be seen in the photograph, leading diagonally from the Abbey ruins to the houses on the left.

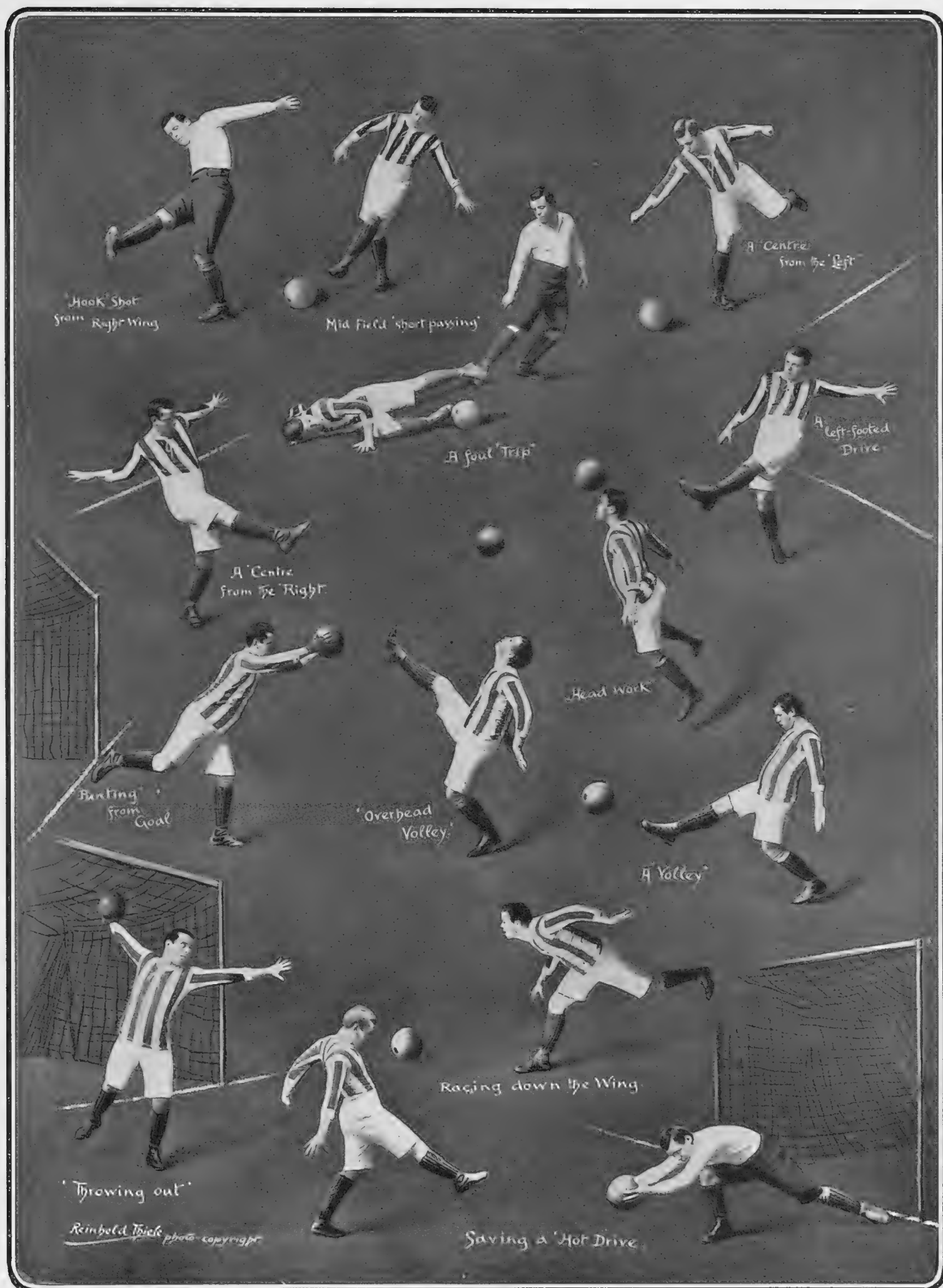
Photograph supplied by E. N. Sanders.

*The Old
Instinct.*

After all, modern conditions and the change that has come to the sporting world do little more than give a thin coating of veneer to natural instincts. The men who poached all through their lives in days when the Highland laird could not afford to protect his own have left their sons and grandsons with instincts that will out. The prospects of a heavy rental have surrounded good shootings and good fishings with a crowd of well-paid protectors who are very strenuous for certain months of the year. But when the tenant has gone home again, if not before, and while the landlord is still away,

there is considerably less endeavour to keep the poacher in check. Then, again, the men who know the country-side and love it are very hard to beat at their own game. They know when and where to go, they have plenty of resources, they cast a fly or hold a gun or set a trap with a sure hand, and are always in the proper place at the right time. The old primeval instinct is stronger than game laws, and as long as there is a grouse on the heather, a salmon in the stream, or a red-deer in the corrie, there will be a poacher—nimble, alert, and well served by brain and eye and hand.

THE NEW GAME FOR THE HOT WEATHER.



HOW TO PLAY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is well known that the late Mr. Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham, was long engaged on a memoir of John Baskerville, the famous printer. He did not live to complete it, but Messrs. Ralph Straus and R. K. Dent have compiled a volume from the materials he left behind. The book ought to be thoroughly interesting. Baskerville's books are among the most pleasing in the world, and they did more than satisfy the fastidious taste of Macaulay, who in his *History* says that they "went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe." Baskerville spent thousands before his fastidious eye was satisfied, and among his best examples are his *Virgil*, his *Bible*, and his *Milton*. He had but a chequered career, though he went on printing to the last, and left a fortune of some £12,000. Baskerville's private life was not entirely without reproach, and he was undoubtedly eccentric. The rarest of all his books is his edition of *Horace*.

The secrets of the vivâ-voce examination in *Litteræ Humaniores* at Oxford are revealed by a daring American. Formally they are open to the public, but the American was the only one who ventured in to hear five examiners deal with five candidates. Less than fifteen minutes each were spent on most of the victims—

"Ah, Mr. Smith, what can you tell us about Lucullus?"

"He was a distinguished Roman who held command in the East."

"Against whom?"

"Mithridates."

"Quite right. And do you remember who succeeded him?"

"Pompey."

"Yes. And can you recall the names of the two laws that gave Pompey his extraordinary powers?"

"No-o-o, Sir, I can't."

It is proposed, we are told, to give up these ancient oral examinations, except when the precise rank of a candidate, from his written papers, is in doubt.

Mr. Andrew Lang is one of the few authors who nowadays reply to their reviewers. He has had two little controversies on hand lately, one in the *Nation* and the other in the *Athenæum*. The critic in the *Nation* reviewed his book, "The Secret of the Totem," and complained that Mr. Lang deceived his reader in publishing his book under the title "The Secret of the Totem," since there was nothing in it to indicate that the Totemism meant was only "Totemism as far as it exists in Australia." This is surely carrying the criticism of titles to a very fine point. The *Athenæum* searchingly reviewed his work on "The Portraits of Mary Stuart." The Leven and Melville portrait was the subject of controversy. It was first figured by Mr. J. J. Foster in his book "Concerning the True Portraiture of Mary Stuart." Mr. Lang pays a tribute to "the kindness, sagacity, old Scottish hospitality, and unfailing happy humour" of the late Earl of Leven and Melville, who recently died. The *Athenæum* reviewer, who is obviously Dr. Hay Fleming, declines to commit himself, and says, "It might fairly be argued that it is not a genuine portrait of Mary."

The new volume of the Oxford English Dictionary determines authoritatively the history of the word "picnic" so far as English is concerned. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the French used the word pique-nique (of obscure derivation) for a social entertainment to which each guest contributed a share. Early in the next century the English appeared to discover that this form of social co-operation was well adapted for excursions and open-air repasts, so that about the middle of the century the word was dissociated from suppers and private theatricals, and so long as an entertainment was in the open air it was a picnic, whether its materials were jointly contributed or not.

M. Filon contributes to the *Fortnightly* a paper based on a recent book by M. Godet, of Neuchâtel, in which some letters of James Boswell appeared. Boswell induced his father to send him to Utrecht for the ostensible purpose of studying law. There he became acquainted with Isabelle van Tuyll, better known as Belle, who was then a prominent Dutch beauty—clever, well-born, eccentric, and contemptuous, to say the least, of social conventionalities. M. Filon says that James Boswell was of noble birth, but, as a matter of fact, he was the son of what is called in Scotland a "paper" Lord. He was, however, an excellent hand at flirtation, and he and Belle went at it bravely, though it does not seem that Boswell fell in love with her. He sent her a letter of seventeen pages from Berlin, in which he informed her that "Love is a Passion which you and I have no thoughts of—at least, for each other." Boswell gave her much advice about health, morals, and intellectual culture. While disclaiming any view of matrimony on his part, he did his utmost to induce the girl to confess her love for him. "Be strictly honest with me. If you love me, own it. I can give you the best advice." Belle, who probably had other affairs on hand, took all

this in a forgiving spirit. After many a sentimental experience, she married a poor Swiss gentleman with a serviceable turn for philosophy, and at the age of forty-six she became enamoured of an impertinent young rascal of nineteen, destined to be well known to the world under the name of Benjamin Constant. It is rather surprising that no good biography of Boswell exists. The materials may be found in his letters to Temple, and in the Grampian Club edition of his "Commonplace-Book," by Dr. Charles Rogers. The record is curious, if not exactly edifying.

In the autumn we are to have two important books on America, one, "The Future in America," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and the other, "America Revisited," by Mr. Henry James. Both works will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The same publishers will issue "The Comedy of Charles Dickens," by his daughter, Mrs. Perugini.

O. O.



[DRAWN BY D. DAVIS.]

A TERRIBLE LAFSE OF MEMORY.

"Good heavens! I've come without a hair-brush."

PARTED! A SEASIDE TRAGEDY.



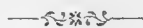
WILLIAM (after studying the notice): 'Orace, I'm afraid we must separate at last.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. MORGAN'S TOMBSTONE.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



"I ain't orten I do a bit o' work. As a rule, it don't agree wi' me. I ain't strong enough." He shook his head, sighed inside his rags, and gazed pensively down at the toes that were coming out of his boots. "I did do some a little while ago, though, an' done so well by it that I've bin thinkin' of doin' some more ever since.

"It was when I was trampin' round town, as usual, y' know, arstin' for odd coppers at the doors, an' carryin' a box o' matches so's the peelers shouldn't have nothin' to complain about; an' at one place a old gent comes out inquisitive, an' looks at me.

"What's your trade, my man?" he says.

"Well, Sir, I says, 'I used to be a stonemason, but there's too many of 'em at it, an' all through the perfession getting overcrowded I was crowded out, an' ain't never bin able to git in agen.'

"He spoke very kind and sympathetic, but he didn't give me no money.

"I don't believe in pauperisin' people,' he says; 'I believe in self-help. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do for yer,' he says. 'I've got the marble top of a washstand in the back-yard; it's broken in two, an' I did think of havin' it mended; but I'll give it to you instead,' he says, 'just to encourage you.'

"Thanky, Sir, I says; 'but if it's equal convenient I'd sooner have a'am sandwich.'

"Very good,' he says, 'you can turn it into ham sandwiches by industry an' perseverance,' an' I was wonderin' whether he wasn't orf his bloomin' onion an' it might be safer for me to run away afore he was took worse, but he went on to explain, 'As a stonemason,' he says, 'you can no doubt carve things out—sculp a little, so to speak. Well,' he says, 'you take this top o' my washstand an' cut it into somethin' beautiful an' sell it, an' the more beautiful it is the more you can charge for it. I'll give you one harf now, an' when you've made that into somethin' an' sold it, you can come back an' tell me all about it, an' I'll let you have the other harf. Many men,' he says, 'have earned fortunes an' bin raised to the Peerage,' he says, 'who haven't had near such a excellent start as I'm givin' you.'

"There didn't seem no chance of gettin' nothin' else, so I took his broken bit o' washstand an' had some idea of lettin' it go at the marine stores for as much as the man was fool enough to pay me; but I hadn't gorn far when it struck me all of a minute that I might do a lot better than that with it; an' so I did.

"I borrowed some tools from a pore workin' man, which is a pal of mine, an' directly I started with 'em I found I remembered me old talent quite nat'ral, an' I tell yer—I chipped that piece o' washstand down into one o' the prettiest little tombstones you ever set eyes on. Not big enough for a adult, mind yer, but it was plenty big enough for young juveniles or dumb pet animals, an' I reckoned it was worth harf-a-crown of anybody's brass, an' five bob if I spotted the right party.

"It was what I call a orful delicate job, don't you make no mistake about that. I had it wropt up tidy in a sheet of brown paper, an' I used to go an' knock softly, an' look solemn, an' talk in a sort of 'ushed voice; but as soon as I undone the brown paper an' they seen what it was, nobody wouldn't have nothin' to do with it. Got quite narsty about it, some people did. Very nice little tombstone it was, too, I give yer my word, an' a credit to anybody.

"Still, it was no go; an' when I called at one house an' persuaded the gel to go in an' tell the master that it looked good an' he could have it cheap, he come out to see it for hisself, an' was reg'lar angry.

"A large, stout man he was, with rich, brown hair an' a lovely brown beard, an' he stares at it fierce an' says, 'Go away,' he says, 'an' be ashamed of yerself. You've no right to come badgerin' respectable people to buy such things—it's scandalous!' he says. 'If we don't put our foot down, we shall have some of yer hawkin'

cheap corfins,' he says; an' so he works hisself up indignant, an' says it's a outrage on public decency, an' why didn't I do some honest labour instead of makin' meself a nuisance an' insultin' him an' his neighbours an' woundin' their feelin's with a tombstone, an' didn't seem as if he ever meant to stop an' let me get a word in; so I sort of sneaked off with me tail between me legs, an' left him in the middle of it.

"Give me the fair, bloomin' 'ump, it did. Why, what else could I have done with harf the top of a washstand? Couldn't chip it down into marble clocks, could I? Well, there you are then; an' that's how they encourages self-help. A tombstone was the on'y thing you could make that fragment into, an' I done it; yet he can't think of nothin' but it was bad taste, an' I orter be ashamed of meself, an' he was a good mind to put the pleece on to me. If I'd cut a Venus out of it, or anythin' disgustin' artistic like that, then he might have had somethin' to grumble about; but if a tombstone ain't moral enough for him, what is it he wants?

"I was nervous about callin' anywhere else, but I didn't want to waste it, so I give self-help another trial an' started on the door-to-door trick agen when I was safe round the corner, an' at one o' the houses there I struck a bit o' fust-clarss, eighteen-carat luck.

"I was arstin' the gell at the door to go in an' tell the missis I'd got somethin' special to show her which she might like to see, when the gent comes home from the City, an', shakin' his head at me on the steps, says, 'Go away,' he says; 'we don't want no boot-laces here,' he says; 'we've all got button boots in this house an' shan't never wear no others.'

"In a larfin' sort o' way he chucks me a copper an' was wavin' me orf, when suddenly he stops short an' arsts, 'What's that under yer arm?' he says. 'Pictures?'

"No, Sir, I says, doubtful whether I'd risk showin' him; 'it ain't anythin' you'd care for, I don't think, Mister. It ain't exactly what you might consider proper, an' it's liable to give offence.'

"Oh!' says he, more an' more curious. 'I ain't one o' them mollycoddlers. It won't offend me. Open it out, man: you never know—I might like to buy it.'

"I shouldn't wish to hurt yer feelin's, Guv'nor,' I hesitates a bit. 'You'll excuse me, but you don't happen to have lorst a infant child, I suppose, Sir?'

"What yer mean?' he larfs. 'It ain't a child you got there, is it? Must ha' been run over by a motor-car or a steam-roller, if it is!'

"So with him tryin' to be funny, I undid the brown paper, an' let him have a look at it.

"Fust he seems disappointed, as if he'd expected somethin' quite different. Then he brightens up, an' I never seen a man so tickled in all me life, I didn't. He left orf shakin' his head an' grinnin' quiet, starts chucklin' loud, slaps his leg excited, goes on chucklin' fit to bust hisself, an' keeps on sayin' thoughtful, 'The very thing! Blowed if I won't do it! What a lark!' Then he says to me, 'Now, what's the lowest price of it, eh? Don't you put it on too thick, an' I don't mind havin' it just to encourage honest industry, an' I might be able to use it as a luggage-label,' he says, 'or a table-mat.'

"It's a lovely piece of solid marble, Sir,' I tells him, 'an' the tombstone is done in the best style, an' you'd never feel ashamed of it. It's worth half-a-sovereign of any gent's money, but to be on the safe side suppose we put it at seven-an'-six?'

"He thought five shillings would be safer, so I let it go at that.

"I felt at the time that he'd rather had the best of me; but I didn't mind, becos later on I levelled things up an' had the best of him.

"About a month arter that, when I was loafin' casual through the same neighbourhood, I was parssin' the house of that large old gent

[Continued overleaf.]

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



III.—HE GOES ABOARD A YACHT AS A STOWAWAY, AND WISHES HE HADN'T.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.

with the rich brown hair an' beard I told yer about, an' not thinkin' of him, when he comes tearin' out after me an' lays hold o' my arm.

"'I bin lookin' for you, my man,' he says, vicious-like. 'You come on indoors with me; there's somethin' I want to arst you about, an' if you has any fuss an' nonsense and won't come quietly I'll hand you over to the pleece instead, without givin' you no chance to clear yerself.'

"It fair knocked the wind outer me. I couldn't see through his game at all.

"'I ain't got no more o' them tombstones, Sir,' I says humble; 'I give that line up for good, like you told me to.'

"'Never mind about that,' he snaps. 'I ain't arstin' you for no tombstones. I'll tell you what I wants of you presently.'

"Course, I went quiet. I'd never done nothin' to him, and I fancied there might be a little brass hangin' to it. He was that fierce an' savage I couldn't think what I'd done to upset him. If I'd murdered a relative of his a-purpose to make a customer for the tombstone he couldn't ha' seemed more suspicious an' angry.

"However, neither of us said no more till he'd let us in with his latchkey, shoves me into the front parlor, an' locks the door.

"I begin to feel nervous when I seen him do that. Started me wonderin' if anythin' was the matter with him. But I didn't see why he should owe me a grudge, and he seemed harmless, in a manner of speakin', if he hadn't breathed so hard and glared so wild, an' I stood an' waited while he goes to a cupboard and fetches out my tombstone and stands it up on a chair.

"'You reckernise that?' he says.

"There was more writin' on it than there was when I sold it. All I'd cut an' blacked out on it was 'Sacred to the memory of—,' leavin' blanks for name an' date an' poetry accordin' to fancy, an' now somebody had filled in all the blanks with plain, neat letterin' a'most as good as me own. It was a long inscription too, an' there was poetry in it.

"'Now,' he says, 'what I want to know is, what's the meanin' of this?'

"I read the tombstone all through careful, an' I says to him, 'Meanin' seems simple enough, Sir, an' I dessay whoever cut it in meant well, but he didn't know how to spell "died." I never had the pleasure of bein' acquainted with the deceased gent meself, Sir, but I must say about this carvin'—'

"'I don't require none o' your criticism,' he chips in irritably. 'All I wishes to know from you is, did you carve that name an' them words on that tombstone, or did you not?'

"I wasn't goin' to give meself away in a hurry, so I had another look at it an' spelled it all out loud—

Sacred to the Memory
of
EPHRAIM MORGAN, ESQ.
R.I.P.

Poor Mr. Morgan's friends came down
And looked at him and sighed:
His hair had turned from grey to brown,
And so they guessed he'd dyed.

"'As I said before, Sir,' says I, 'there's that mistake in the spellin', an' I never knowed the deceased gent meself—'

"'There ain't no deceased gent,' he shouts, vexed. 'That's meant for me. I'm Mr. Morgan, an' someone's done this on purpose to annoy me, an' I'll make him smart for it—I don't care if it costs me a hundred pound. Did you cut them words on, or didn't you?'

"I told him fair an' straight that I didn't.

"'If I'd cut it I should have spelt "died" proper,' I begun; but he shut me up sharp.

"He said he got up an' come down a few mornin's arter I called on him afore, an' he seen a lot of people starin' through his front railin's pointin' an' larfin'. Reg'lar big crowd it was, an' growin' bigger all the time.' 'Orrible annoyin', he says it was, an' presently he sends out to see what's wrong, an' there's that tombstone o' mine with his name an' the poetry on it stickin' in the middle of his flower-bed as if he'd bin buried there.

"Nat'rally, he pulled it up quick an' took it indoors. He said he suspected who'd done it, an' had kep' a look-out for me so as to make inquiries; an' if I didn't tell him immediate the whole truth he should reckon I'd done it meself an' hand me over to the pleece an' do his level best to give me beans.

"He thought I'd been paid by somebody to carve his name an' the rest of it on the stone, and wouldn't hardly believe me when I told him I didn't have nothin' to do with it.

"'I sold it,' I tells him, 'an' what happened to it arterwards is no fault of mine,' says I.

"'Who did you sell it to?' he said.

"'Well, Sir,' I says to him, 'I'm a poor man an' I'm bound to go in a buster for self-help when I gits the chance. I'm willin' to tell the truth, but I can't afford to tell it for nothin'.'

"He tries to hustle me, but I sat tight, an' bymeby he says let him have the plain facts an' he'll gimme five bob for a start, an' more later on if he wanted me as a witness, which most likely he would.

"Consequently I collected the oof an' give him the facts.

"'You're certain it was that man?' he says. 'I reckernise your

description of him, an' he's the very man I suspected. I suppose you don't know his name?'

"'Yes, I do, Mister,' says I. 'While I was talkin' to him on his doorstep the postman come with a letter, an' I noticed the name on the envelope.'

"An' when I mentioned the name he says, quite right, it was the identical man, an' my knowin' the name as well as bein' able to describe the feller made me a most valuable witness. Then he arst me for me own name an' address. Well, I give him the first I could think of, an' he wrote them down as solemn as if they was real.

"'I shall go round an' consult my lawyer now at once,' he says, 'an' git him to call on this scoundrel with me this evenin', an' if he won't write an' publish a ample apology in the local papers at his own expense, I'll prosecute him, an' you'll have to give evidence.'

"I said I would.

"But arter I left him it struck me I'd bin a bit of a mug. I ought to have scooped in more than five bob. I seen that I could have made more by not givin' the other gent away, an' then goin' round an' gettin' him to pay me for keepin' dark about him. I was fair wild with meself the more I thought what a chance I'd throwed away.

"Then I had what I call a 'appy idea.

"I turned back an' went as fast as I could to the house of the gent who'd bought my tombstone. He was at home, but sent out word, go away, he'd got all the tombstones he wanted, he didn't expect he should die more than once. So I sent the gel in agen to say it was about a serious matter, an' I must see him private an' p'tickler, an' he had me all alone into his parlor.

"I pulled a long mug an' said he'd got me into a terrible mess, an' went on to explain about the large-old gent with the rich brown hair an' beard.

"'You didn't tell him you sold it to me?' he chips in, nervous.

"'I'm not that sort of man, Sir,' I says, reproachful. 'I'm poor, Sir, but I'm no skunk.' He orfered me ten shillin's, an' then a pound, to tell him who bought that tombstone, but I pretended I couldn't remember. I wasn't goin' to be a bloomin' sneak, an' besides, I guessed you'd make it up to me an' pay me better than that to keep me mouth shut. I knows a gentleman when I sees one, an' I reckoned it'd be worth a lot to you to be saved from bein' prosecuted; so I wouldn't tell him a word, an' he lorst his temper an' said either I was a liar or else I'd bin paid to say nothin', an' if I didn't make a clean breast of it he'd prosecute me an' git me six months' hard for it—an' he will, too, he was that savage. 'Six months' hard won't matter so much to me, Sir,' I says, 'as it would to you; but, all the same, it's no pleasure excursion an' won't do me health no good; and that's why I looked in—to warn you that the old gent's on the war-path an' suspects you, from what he said, an' that I'm keepin' me mouth shut tight an' feel the need of havin' a little encouragement.'

"He was scared badly, an' ready to do anythin' sooner than let me blow the gaff.

"'It was just a lark,' he says. 'He's the manager of the office where I'm engaged, an' there's several of us bin sendin' him anonerous letters about the colour of his hair bein' changed just for a joke; but it's made him mad, I know, an' if he finds out for certain who did the tombstone he'll never forgive me— I shall have no end of a warm time. There's three of us in walkin' distance of him, an' he suspects us all; but he'll never be able to find out, unless you gimme away.'

"I said indignant I wouldn't think of sich a thing, so long as he saw that I wasn't out o' pocket by it, which was more than a poor bloke like me could afford. I said I was willin' to be prosecuted, an' say nothin'. I said I'd told the old gent I'd sold the tombstone to a widdler lady on the other side o' London, but he didn't believe me.

"'He told me flat he was pretty sure I'd sold it to you, Sir,' says I, 'but I swore I'd never been to your door even, an' if you stick to that—why, there you are, he can't prove nothin', an' he'll have to prosecute me. A pound he orfered me for the truth. I give him a good lie for nothin', bein' dead sure you'd pay me the full value of it, and a trifle over for luck.'

"He was walkin' up and down the room a'most steaming with perspiration. He was that frightened of me sayin' anythin' that he was ready to do nearly whatever I arst. He put down a sovereign fust, but when I reminds him that the old gent had orfered me as much an' would pay twice that if I went back an' owned up, he says, 'For hevings sake don't do that,' an' he planks down another quid like a lamb. I didn't waste no more time arter that. I was gettin' afraid o' the old gent turnin' up every minute. He begged me not to split on him, an' I took me solemn oath I'd not go near Mr. Morgan agen an' I'd do my fair best never to let him find me; an' I left him wipin' his forrid with his hankercher an' lookin' as if he'd used up all his larf an' couldn't never smile no more.

"Outside the gate, I takes a squint this way an' that, makin' up me mind which way I'd go, when all of a sudden I spots Mr. Morgan comin' round the corner with a spry, quick cove which I reckon was his lawyer, an' he was carryin what I think was the tombstone done up in paper an' tied round with red tape, and they was both walkin' as if they meant doin' business.

"But it was no business o' mine, so I didn't wait for 'em."

THE END.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



IX.—THE COOL SPORT OF WATCHING FOR SPRATS AT SCARBOROUGH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

TO-DAY'S GREAT RACE FOR THE ST. LEGER:

"ALL THE WINNERS" FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS.



STARTERS, 11; TIME, 3 M. 9.1-5 SEC; JOCKEY, H. JONES.
WON ALSO THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS & THE DERBY



STARTERS, 13; TIME, 3 M. 8.25 SECONDS;
JOCKEY, K. CANNON.



STARTERS, 12; TIME, 3 M. 12.2-5 SECONDS
JOCKEY, HARDY, WON ALSO
THE TWO THOUSAND
GUINEAS
THE OAKS, &
THE ONE
THOUSAND
GUINEAS



STARTERS, 5; TIME, 3 M. 9.2-5 SECONDS
JOCKEY, D. MAHER, WON ALSO
THE TWO THOUSAND
GUINEAS
AND
THE DERBY



STARTERS, 6 TIME 3 M 5-4-5 SEC; JOCKEY, W. LANE
WON ALSO THE DERBY AND THE OAKS



STARTERS, 8; TIME, 3 M. 5.2-5 SEC; JOCKEY, O. MADDEN.
WON ALSO THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

The St. Leger was first run in 1776, but did not receive its name until two years later, when it was called the St. Leger, in honour of Colonel St. Leger. It was run for the first time on Doncaster Town Moor. The length of the course is 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 142 yards.

Photographs by Bowden Bros.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THIS evening belongs dramatically to Mr. Otho Stuart, who is producing Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's play, "Peter's Mother," at Wyndham's Theatre. The bright particular star of the occasion will be Miss Marion Terry, as, by the common consent of her colleagues, she always is when she appears. Among her associates will be Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Alice Beet, Mrs. Edward Saker, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan; Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. A. E. Mathews, Mr. Alfred Bucklaw, Mr. E. W. Garden, and Mr. Norman McKinnell.

According to report, Miss Marion Terry is suited to perfection in the character of Lady Mary Crewys, and, as Mr. Otho Stuart himself has said that it is one of the finest parts she has ever played, playgoers have undoubtedly a great treat in store for them, for when Miss Terry has a fine part, and is suited to it, her performance is always the last word in the art of the theatre of our time.

"Peter's Mother" will be preceded by a one-act play, "The Sixth Commandment," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. The scene is laid in a cottage in the Black Forest, and the characters are all peasants, the three leading ones being a wood-cutter, his brother, and his wife, acted by Mr. F. Percival Stevens, Mr. Walter Hampden, and Miss Madge McIntosh, while an unnamed old peasant woman is entrusted to Miss Isabel Grey. The play is grim in character, a fact of no little interest at the present time for both dramatists and audiences, when the tendency is to make the curtain-raiser a light, if not frivolous part of the evening's entertainment.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan has not been succeeded in the part of Puckers, in "The Prince Chap," at the Criterion, by Miss Grace Dudley, who was mentioned as a "possibility" last week, but by Miss Adie Boyne, who, coming to London with a fine provincial reputation, made her first appearance on Monday evening.

The production of "Tristram and Iseult" has brought Miss Agnes Brayton back again to the stage to play Iseult of the White Hands. Beginning, like so many other actors, with Mr. F. R. Benson, she was engaged by Mr. Tree to play a small part in "Herod," and she understudied her sister in "Twelfth Night" on tour. It was the need of having someone as nearly like Miss Lily Brayton as possible which gave her what may be regarded as her first and last important part in London, in "The Twin Sister," at the Duke of York's, for when that play concluded its run Miss Brayton retired from the stage. The experience she



UNDERSTUDYING MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "THE WINTER'S TALE": MISS FRANCES LEIGHTON.

Miss Leighton plays First Lady in Attendance on the Queen, and also understudies Miss Ellen Terry.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

has gained will naturally stand her in good stead now that she has resolved to devote herself permanently to the profession of which her sister is so great an ornament.

On Friday next Mr. Willard will leave Liverpool for Montreal on the Allan line steamer, *Virginian*. There, in accordance with his custom, he will begin his Transatlantic tour on Oct. 1. "Colonel Newcome," the American rights of which Mr. Willard has secured from Mr. Tree, will form the chief item in his repertoire, and he will open his season with Mr. Michael Morton's

play, with which Mr. Tree is having so great a success in the provinces. Hitherto, Mr. Willard's company has been composed of English and American actors in equal parts. This year, however, no doubt in order to get the necessary atmosphere, the English portion will be considerably larger than the American contingent, and the whole company will be the largest as well as the strongest with which the popular actor has ever travelled.

For the purposes of comparing it with Mr. Tree's production it is interesting to append Mr. Willard's cast, which is as follows: Mr. William Sauter, Clive; Mr. A. S. Homewood, Fred Bayham; Mr. Walter Edmunds, Lord Farintosh; Mr. Ivan Simpson, Sir Barnes; Mr. H. Cane, General de Boots; Mr. John Lawrence, James Binney; Miss Joan Blair, Mrs. Mackenzie; and Miss Marie Linden, Madame de Florac. Other parts will be played by the American portion of the company, which includes Miss Alice Lonnon, Ethel Newcome; Miss Rosa Beudet, Lady Kew; Miss Gladys Granger, Rosey; Miss Nelly Angel, Miss Agnes Wharton, and Miss Jessie Arnold.

Mr. Willard will continue to make a feature of "The Man Who Was," another of the plays he obtained from Mr. Tree, while four popular plays in his repertoire—"The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," "A Pair of Spectacles," and "David Garrick"—will also be used from time to time, to give him the variety he finds necessary for keeping his acting fresh.

Much has been heard of late of the overcrowding of the dramatic profession, and the consequent difficulty of even well-known actors to get engagements. Abundant evidence of this unhappy state of things has

been furnished by Mr. Willard's experience, for although it was known that his company was made up early in June, large numbers of applications for parts went to him every week for several weeks.

In accordance with his custom, Mr. Arthur Collins has decided to give a "répétition générale" next Tuesday, when "The Bondman" will be acted at Drury Lane, but not before the public. The cast presents an interesting mingling of the old school and the new, seeing that it includes the names of Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. James Fernandez, and Mr. Henry Neville on the one hand, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Mr. Henry Ainley on the other. The connecting link, as it were, is formed by Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Austin Melford, and Mr. Frank Cooper, who, according to the gossips, has an even finer part than he had in the Drury Lane drama last year.

On Saturday evening next the last performance of "You Never Can Tell" will be given at the Court Theatre, in order that "John Bull's Other Island" may be revived on Monday. In this Mr. Louis Calvert will appear in his original part of Tom Broadbent, among the other actors being Mr. Wilfrid Shine, Mr. F. Cremlin, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. William Poel, Mr. Norman Page, Mr. James Hearn, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Miss Ellen O'Malley.



A MONKEY ACTOR: ONE OF M. GALLETTI'S TROUPE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Erickson.



THE NEW FRANCESCA: MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD IN MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

Miss Dorothea Baird is on tour with her husband, Mr. H. B. Irving, with whom she is playing "lead."

Photograph by Warwick Brooke.

KEY-NOTES

MADAME PATTI, after nearly sixty years of a public career, has decided to retire from the concert platform. It requires a good deal of courage to make up one's mind to end a career that has been a triumph at every point, and to take a final farewell of a public which has constantly applauded not only endeavour, but also accomplishment. Patti is now a household name among all those who have loved Italian opera and lyric vocalisation. Her exquisite voice has given pleasure to two generations; throughout, she has been able to attract a public not only of discretion, but also of high critical value. Probably in the vocal world there has been no such career of so peculiar a distinction, so far as history can tell. At the outset of that career she was immediately recognised as a singer of the finest quality; she had inherited the full tradition of Italian song, and had added thereto a voice which was accompanied by a temperament which conquered the whole world. Technically, she can scarcely have been surpassed by the greatest singers who went before her; from a histrionic point of view, also, she deserved every measure of applause which was given to her. One does not like to make comparisons where, in the old phrase, "comparisons are odious," between herself and any contemporary; but it is pretty certain that as a popular singer, as one distinguished by almost innumerable triumphs, Patti stands ahead of all her contemporaries.

We are informed that Adelina Patti was born at Madrid in the early months of 1843. Her father was a musician of no mean attainments; her mother was the daughter of a well-known teacher of singing. Somewhere about 1847, after having made a considerable name for herself, she sang for the first time in public (at the age of seven) in 1850. At that period, of course, Rossini was practically the dominant power of the opera stage. It was Patti's glory that she was able to interpret Rossini, even in those young days, with an ease and a perfection that aroused the public to enormous enthusiasm. Shortly after this singular success, she was wisely withdrawn from public performances, and, close upon the age of sixteen, she once more appeared in New York in the rôle of Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor," achieving an extraordinary success. It was in 1861 that she appeared in "La Sonnambula" at Covent Garden. It is on record that her singing on that occasion created a wonderful sensation, and that (as Byron put the matter in regard to himself) she awoke one morning and found herself famous. It was in this particular season also that she took the part of Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a character in which the present writer was fortunate enough to see her not very many years ago. To say that she was an ideal Zerlina is only to give to her that which is her due. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than her singing of the famous songs, while her acting throughout was always full of vitality, ingenuity, and sweetness. It was left to more recent times for her to show that she was as much at home with the music of the modern German school as she had been with the school of Italian opera. Nobody who heard her in Elizabeth's "Prayer," from "Tannhäuser," which she sang at the

Albert Hall, will forget how she taught, once and for all, the great truth that Wagner's music was not only dramatic, but also vocal.

In the course of her artistic career (we learn), she has earned three-quarters of a million pounds simply by her singing and acting. Of course, it has been a matter of public gossip that her fees for each London performance have now, for many years, been at the rate of eight hundred pounds, while in the provinces she has received five hundred pounds for every appearance. At the same time it is well known that she has at all times been one who has identified herself with great charities, and that she has spent no little money upon every deserving work which would naturally appeal to a woman such as she has always shown herself to be—one, in a word, of generous instincts.

In connection with the next Norwich Festival, we have to record two facts—one rather of a saddening nature, the other altogether appealing to the artistic feelings. The committee has unanimously elected Mr. Henry Wood as conductor in the place of Mr. Alberto Randegger, who now retires from a scene of well-earned triumphs. Not to see Mr. Randegger in his old position as conductor at Norwich will be a matter of genuine regret to everybody who carries reminiscences of that famous festival time, and who associates the Norwich Festival so much with the work of that keen-sighted and clever musician. At the same time, the appointment of Mr. Henry J. Wood in the place of Mr. Randegger is one upon which Norwich may be cordially commended. Mr. Henry Wood must also be congratulated, because he has accepted an offer which will deprive him of a very lucrative engagement, which had already been suggested to him from America. On the whole, both the Festival Committee of Norwich and Mr. Henry Wood are likely to do yeoman service, by showing that England is determined to achieve all that is possible towards the advancement and progress of the art of music in this country. It is true that the

Norwich Festival is still two years ahead; but that fact will be of much importance to Mr. Henry Wood in the making of his arrangements and in the training of his forces before the event actually becomes due.

A Beethoven programme at the Promenade Concerts, one given at the Queen's Hall, is, one is always glad to note, a considerable attraction to the public. At one of the most recent concerts given at this Hall we had a well-known air from "Fidelio," sung by Madame de Sauset, the Romance for Violin and Orchestra in F, Mr. Abbas taking the solo instrument, the "Emperor" Concerto, the pianoforte part being taken by Mr. York Bowen, and the Second Symphony. Mr. Lloyd Chandos sang "Adelaide." It may be said that the audience revelled in a bath of Beethoven. Richard Strauss, in what used to be called his "complex and difficult tone-poem," "Till Eulenspiegel," was also represented by a very fine interpretation of that work. Mr. Wood's rendering was not exactly ideal, although it was energetic.

COMMON CHORD.



THE RETIREMENT OF MME. ADELINA PATTI: THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS SINGER.

Mme. Patti has announced that she is about to bring her professional career to a close. She made her début when she was seven, and has been a "star" ever since. Her formal farewell to the musical public of London will take place at the Albert Hall on the afternoon of December 1st, although she will sing at Mr. Percy Harrison's benefit in the following summer. She will bid good-bye to the provinces in the autumn of next year.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



ALTERATION OF TOURIST TROPHY COURSE: MUCH DISSATISFACTION—THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-CAB: ARGYLLS SOLVE THE QUESTION—SLOW FOR THE SICK CHILDREN—WORN-OUT NON-SKIDS: PULLMAN TO THE RESCUE—THE TOURIST TROPHY ENTRIES: A FEW INTERESTING COMPARISONS.

THERE is much dissatisfaction and grumbling amongst the entrants for the Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man, consequent upon the club's modification of the route at the eleventh hour. The discontent is not to be marvelled at, seeing that engine dimensions and gear ratios have been carefully thought out in direct relation to the course as used last year. Several firms ran cars over the old course early in the year, and then very largely designed their new machines by the light of results so obtained. Now their calculations will be very much nullified and their considerable expenditure of time and money thrown away. The reply of the Club is, of course, the obvious one that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; but, under the circumstances, this is not altogether the case. The variation may, by sheer luck, just suit what, for lack of a better term, I will call a scratch entry—that is, a car entered haphazard by a firm to whom a lucky win would mean much, but for whom failure would not be a matter of great moment. Such is not so with, say, the firms who ran into places last year, and it is just such people who have taken extra pains to prepare for the coming contest. Now it looks as if all their care is to be discounted.

The motor-cab comes slowly, but it is nevertheless coming surely upon the London streets. The absurd requirement made by the Scotland Yard people that a motor-cab must be capable of turning in a twenty-five-foot circle has arrested progress by reason of the fact that specially built chassis are required for such a waltzing evolution. But, if what I hear as to the Argyll four-cylinder 12-horse power motor-cab is correct, (and considering the source whence the information comes, I see no reason for doubt), we shall shortly see many of these vehicles plying for hire in the West End. The Argyll Company have laid down no fewer than 300 of these cabs, and could, if necessary, turn out the lot in less than two months. The managing director of Argylls, London, has been running a sample cab in London just lately, and all who have been treated to lifts therein have expressed themselves as delighted with its smooth running, absence of fidgeting noises, and great comfort. The cab accommodates four inside and one out, and is very roomy within, there being half as much space again as in an ordinary four-wheeler. The price at which these vehicles will be offered to the trade will make the motor cab-owning business a profitable one, if properly conducted.

Motorists who frequent that particularly pretty stretch of Surrey road between Leatherhead and Guildford are aware of the existence of

a Children's Hospital on the right-hand side of the road, some little way on the Guildford side of the twenty-sixth milestone at the summit of a winding rise before four cross-roads. Whenever possible, the small patients' cots are placed out under the verandah, which is within some twenty-odd feet of the road, so that the little sufferers come in for a too liberal allowance of dust if cars are driven fast past the hospital. Mr. Wilson Noble asks that the attention of motorists may be called to this matter, feeling sure that it is only necessary to draw their attention to it to find that the children will have consideration.

When pneumatic tyres made with non-skid treads formed of steel rivets set in rubber or leather are, so to speak, worn down to the bone, and it is thought that the moment for re-treading has arrived, one is frequently informed that, owing to such and such reasons, re-treading is impossible, or would cost more than a new cover. To the man of moderate means, who thinks he has another 1500 or 2000 miles in that cover if re-treaded at a moderate outlay, the above announcement comes with shock. But now he may take heart of grace, for, after considerable experiment and test, Messrs. R. and J. Pullman, Limited, of Westbrook Mills, Godalming, the makers of the well-known detachable non-skid band, have found that they can satisfactorily re-tread such tyres with their non-skid bands in such a way as to give the spent cover a new lease of life. Considering the serious cost of tying even a light car, this is good hearing, for Messrs. Pullman's methods and materials stand second to none.

Full particulars of all the cars entered in the forthcoming Tourist Trophy race were given in last week's motor papers. They number forty-nine all told, and range in horse-power, so called, from 10-horse power to 28-horse power. The 10-horse power is Mr. Guy Lewin's Peugeot, and the 28-horse power Mr. Claude Watney's Pipe, but it is extremely doubtful if the latter will start. Six of the cars are of British manufacture from the ground up, while eleven have only magnets or tyres of alien construction. The largest bore and stroke are those of the Florentia—140 m.m. by 140 m.m., equal 5 in. by

5 in.—and the cars of the victors of last year, which boast cylinders $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. Rolls-Royce, who provided the second car last year, have $3\frac{1}{8}$ in. by 5 in. for both their engines, as compared with 4 in. by 5 in. in last year's cars. The engine of a car called "The Academy" is stated to obtain its styled horse-power at the highest number of revolutions per minute—namely, 1600; while the Florentia, the 16-horse power Argyll, and the Arrol-Johnston are put down to turn round at 800 revolutions per minute.



"MRS. MONTAGUE TIDMARSH" MOTORING: MISS FANNY BROUGH ON HER SIX-CYLINDER, 28 H.-P. LANCHESTER.



FROM GLASGOW TO LONDON BY MOTOR-CAB: THE FIRST ARGYLL MOTOR-CAB ON THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, KIRKBY LONSDALE.

The first all-British, four-seated motor-cab ever built was turned out by Argyll Motors, Ltd., and was recently driven from Glasgow to London, a record journey for any cab. When fully loaded, the vehicle scaled 37 cwt., but, despite this, developed a speed of about 20 miles an hour. It behaved admirably both on the level and uphill, and during the journey the driver changed to his second speed only twice. Neither tyre nor mechanical troubles marred the pleasure of the excursion.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—ANTE-POST SPECULATIONS.

ON one thing about the St. Leger, which is run to-day, all men seem to be agreed, and that is that Keystone II. and Troutbeck will be the first two past the winning-post. But as to which of the pair will win there is a wide divergence of opinion. Rumour has been busy to the detriment of Lord Derby's mare for some time—ever since she was eased on account of a sore mouth, in fact. It has been asserted that she has not done the amount of work that a St. Leger horse should do; on the other hand, we have read of her going in the best possible style. My Newmarket correspondent tells me that she has steadily improved since she so amply confirmed her Oaks form at Ascot, and that she will win the last of the classic races. No adverse reports have been heard about Troutbeck, who has several times shown in public that he has come on considerably since the spring. One thing seems pretty certain, and that is that he will beat Plum Tree, who has been talked about since the defection of Sancy, for he finished a long way in front of the colt in the Derby. Whether he is good enough to beat Keystone II., however, is another matter. Maher is confident that he will add another to his long list of victories in big races this year, and I think his confidence is not misplaced. As regards third place, several animals have good claim for notice. Gorgos, Malua, and Prince William are all of a bunch on book form, and the Doncaster course should suit Malua better than some over which he has raced this season. Storm, the French candidate, is spoken of as a likely outsider, and Beppo is a popular "each-way" fancy. Gingal will stay every inch of the course, and being a Carbine, he should be better now than he has ever been. In the Two Thousand Guineas he finished some distance behind Beppo, but the extra distance will be to his liking. To sum up the situation, I fancy that Keystone II. will win from Troutbeck, and that Malua will be third.

Which is the best two-year-old of the season? is a question frequently asked in the autumn. I think it would have an almost unanimous answer this year; and the animal named would be Slieve Gallion. There is a general impression that this magnificent colt is a long way in front of all others of his age, though why this belief should prevail is peculiar, seeing that he has merely beaten some second-raters on the occasions of his two races in public. Polar Star is also an unbeaten colt, and he has won all his races with ease—notably, the Gimcrack Stakes, in which, as the result of a scrimmage at the post, My Pet II. met with his first defeat. As regards Mr. Raphael's colt, the race may as well be wiped off the records; but there is no doubt that it will affect his market status the next time he runs. Should he join issue with Galvani and Slieve Gallion in

the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster a great race ought to be seen, although Darling apparently regards the race with equanimity, his estimate of the Gallinule colt being a high one. Slieve Gallion is also entered in the Rous Plate at Doncaster this week, a race in which the name of Polar Star appears, but it is too much to expect a meeting between the pair.

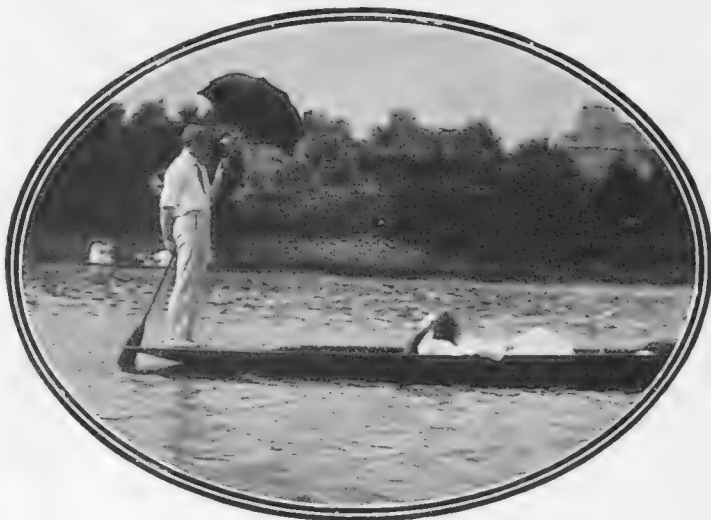
Galvani, another colt about which a high opinion is entertained, could oppose Polar Star in the Criterion Stakes. Whether he will do so is on the knees of the gods. It would be a capital match, and Colonel Hall Walker's colt would certainly not lack friends. A lot was thought of Gnome early in the year, and a big price was refused for him. Slieve Gallion, My Pet II., Traquair, Gnome, and Galvani are all engaged in the Middle Park Plate, but the question of supremacy between Slieve Gallion, My Pet II., and Galvani may be settled this week in the Champagne Stakes. I confidently anticipate a victory for Slieve Gallion. Should Darling's colt win easily, a deal of the interest in the Middle Park Plate will vanish; but should the race be a close one, all racing men will eagerly look forward to the big two-year-old race at Newmarket.

The anti-ante-post speculator has had many texts in former years for sermons, but it is doubtful if he ever had such a year as 1906. Taking what are euphoniously known as "the classics," what do we find? Tragedy, so far as early betting is concerned, is writ large over all but one of the races of the series so far decided. The first of them, the Two Thousand Guineas, was regarded for weeks before it was run as a match between Gingal and Bill of the Play. There

were twelve starters, and of the two favourites Gingal finished eighth, and Bill of the Play was practically left at the post. Gorgos, who won, was a 20 to 1 chance, and Sancy, who was beaten by a head, was a 100 to 8 chance. Passing the One Thousand Guineas, which is the exception referred to, we come to the Derby. Here the case was more pronounced than ever in favour of those who look askance at ante-post betting. Early in the year the big Epsom race was looked upon as a certainty for Lally. From the time he just scrambled home from Malua and Gorgos in the Newmarket Stakes there was a revulsion of feeling in favour of

Flair, the One Thousand Guineas winner. Unluckily for her owner, Sir Daniel Cooper, she broke down and had to be scratched. Not until then was the name of Spearmint heard in connection with the Derby. It was suddenly discovered that this son of Carbine "could not be beaten," and so it proved. The same story may be truthfully told in a modified form about the big handicaps. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE IDEAL HOT-WEATHER METHOD OF PUNTING.

A gentleman punting on the river the other day in the midst of the almost tropical heat found that the most comfortable way of punting was to stand with the head shielded by an umbrella and paddle the craft. The next spell of hot weather should bring many imitators.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde]



HONOURING THE RACEHORSE AS WELL AS THE JOCKEY: THE WINNER OF A RACE IN BOSNIA, SHOWING THE LAUREL-WREATH PLACED ROUND THE HORSE'S NECK.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE heat, of which we have one and all done nothing but talk lately, took the place of that classic "ill wind" which blows somebody good, inasmuch as it certainly furnished copy for the subjectless journalist. When one saw a Sunday paper devoting one of its leaderettes to "The Heat," one really felt that our wonderful climate was at last getting its due meed of recognition, and forcing itself (like a Gaiety girl marrying into the aristocracy or like a Transatlantic patent pill) on the attentions of the British public, so to speak.

One chief result of "The Heat" from the feminine point of view was the increased use of face-powder, as in the mere male's aspect it might have been the increased use of cooling drinks. Face-powder, *bien entendu*, may not keep you cool, but its judicious application makes you look so, and that is the desideratum. The inventor of Papier Velouté should indeed experience the pleasant sensation of a considerably increased revenue from the recent wholesale use of his most excellent specialty. These powder leaflets, daintily bound into booklets of various sizes, leave a soft, imperceptible bloom on the face which is both comforting and becoming in tones of ivory, jaune, or brunette colour, and pale rose-pink—all complexions are cared and catered for. No clogging of the skin follows their use, as in the case of many ordinary powders, and any special scent is obtainable, as well as the usual rose perfume, by applying at the two chief depôts—27, Red Lion Square, London, or 18, East 17th Street, New York, or in fact at any good chemist's.

For golden youth a golden perfume has been recently introduced by the Crown Perfumery Company, already famous for the concoction

further assured that Goutte d'Or requires only a seven-and-sixpenny trial to become a permanent occupant of the toilet-table, a judgment I can fully subscribe to, even without having experienced its seductions, in view of the high reputation and great resources of the



A GOWN FOR THE EARLY AUTUMN.



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME OF DARK-BROWN CLOTH.

Crown Perfumery Company, where, by the way, it can be obtained, or at any leading chemist. The Company's offices are 108, Fore Street, London.

King Alfonso is a young man of many tastes, and a very glutton for new sensations. Having experienced every phase of feeling that the most headlong motor-car can give him, his Spanish Majesty has now bespoken another conveyance the exact antithesis of the first in an Irish jaunting-car, which has been built for him in "Cork's own town," and recently despatched to the Sunny South. In an "outside car," as it is colloquially called, one may jog along pleasantly and admire the country on all sides. It is therefore peculiarly suited to the easy-going temperaments of Hibernia and Hispania. President Roosevelt has given himself one also, but there is too much hustle in the American atmosphere to take kindly to the "low-backed car," which belongs peculiarly to a country where scenery is of more importance than scorching.

Apropos of bathing and the costumes which now daily decorate the coasts of Northern Europe, I gratefully notice a letter sent by "A Spaniard" to one of the leading dailies commenting on the *nudity* of English bathers and expressing surprise that "mixed bathing was allowed at the best English seaside places where the men were well-nigh naked." Every word of this can be painfully endorsed by me after ten days spent at Folkestone. Except in very few cases, where some wore the ordinary neck-to-knee costume seen everywhere abroad, the objectionable sight of men dressed *à la* Fiji Islander, prancing about with much horseplay, met one's eyes. The women chiefly contented themselves with cotton coverings which were the reverse of graceful when wet. Such a thing as the peignoir seemed unknown, though its use was far more wanted than

of Crab-Apple Blossom, Lavender Salts, and other specialties of the first order. The essence in question is the "Goutte d'Or," and, sold at 7s. 6d. a bottle, or 10s. 6d. in a handsome silk case, is declared equal to the finest Paris perfumes costing double that amount. I am

abroad, where it is universally worn on going into and leaving the water. Is it any wonder that French people and other of our Continental neighbours should smile at the prudish Islander who strains at so many gnats and swallows the camel of such a distasteful spectacle as this? At all bathing-places men should be compelled to wear decent costume or be prosecuted, and the local authorities might with advantage borrow ideas in this instance from our good neighbours across *la Manche*.

The gentle art of adulterating the most ordinary articles of food has arrived at such a pass through the dishonesty of makers and retailers that, as pointed out in a medical paper lately, it has actually become needful to inform the public where such and such articles can be purchased in their original pure and wholesome state. Amongst the honest, old-fashioned firms which eschew poisonous food and preposterous profits may be named the house of Lazenby and Son, of Wigmore Street, whose productions are one and all famed for excellence of flavour and ingredients. The guardian spirit of the firm, Elizabeth Lazenby, who was a cook in the reign of George III., and brought her famous recipes finally into business, still influences the fortunes of her foundation, and every bottle or jar bears her signature. Sauces, pickles, soups, potted meats, fish, or jelly are all in the highest order of merit, and may be stored in still-room or hamper without any of the qualms which are likely now and evermore to accompany a purchase of anything "made in Chicago." SYBIL.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

"As Ithers See Us."

"La Chaine Anglaise," with which the season has been restarted at the Paris Vaudeville, is one of the oddest mixtures that ever set out to tell the French what the English are. Our young men are a desperate set of bounders, according to the portraits drawn of them by M. Camille Oudinot. They chum up to perfect strangers and detail bits of family history, generally winding up with an invitation to stay "at our place by the Thames; we are so awfully rich, you know." So like an Oxford undergraduate, is it not? Moreover,

this self-same person, who is by way of being the hero, shows what insular manners are like when it comes to courting. At first he is cold as an icicle and desperately *distract*; then he suddenly seizes the lady by the waist and downs her on the sofa, which, you must admit, is truly British. An English lord shows his aristocratic breeding by talking with a pipe in his mouth, and his taste in cooking by inviting a lady to dine off curry, which appears to have strayed into all the dishes. The picture of the *jeune Anglaise* is, on the contrary, well drawn, so that we must forgive. The play is a great success, and everybody is delighted at this sketch of John Bull at home.

Buried Treasure. The court-martial which sentenced a sailor to prison the other day for wilfully destroying a signal-book had, of course, very clear evidence upon which to proceed. Admiralty precedents show that there is need of such precautions. For upon a day half the Navy might have suffered for a loss which the Service suffered. The great Black Book of the Admiralty was missing. The disappearance of the tome was a staggering loss. It is unique, and contains all the precedents as to international as well as English maritime rights from the time of Edward III. Sir Travers Twiss, then Queen's Advocate, was employed to reconstruct the work from a collection of the various copies and extracts known to have been taken. The work was one of years—of far longer duration than the drawing-up of the Constitution of the Congo Free State, for which he was responsible. He had no sooner completed his labours than somebody turned over a dusty tome on a shelf at Doctors' Commons, to find that it was the missing treasure, the original Black Book.

A Postal Privilege.

During the Thirty Years' War the princely family of Turn and Taxis obtained the monopoly of the postal service for Germany and the Netherlands. This privilege, slightly reduced, lasted until the Battle of Sadowa, when an arrangement was come to by which the State posts were freed on a payment of a little over a million sterling to the Turn and Taxis family. But they reserved their right to free postage, with the result that abuses began to creep in, and recently it was discovered that the family were sending by free parcel post a number of wagons

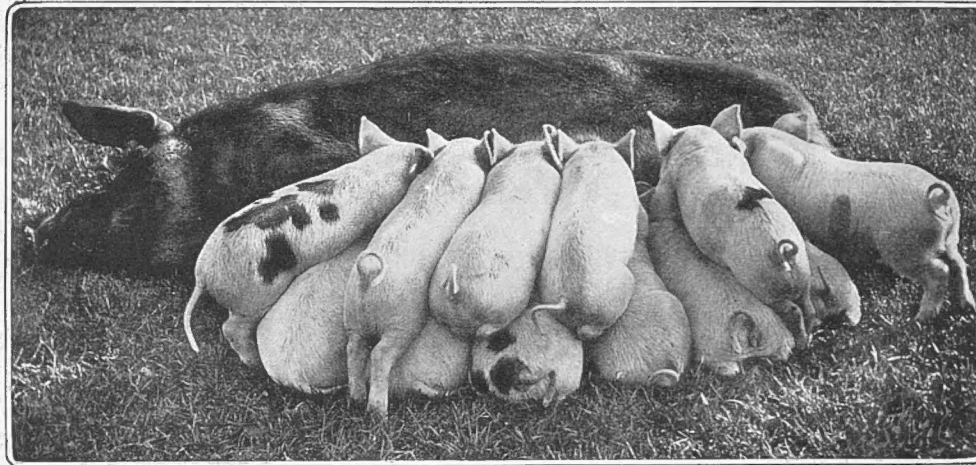
full of building-stone for a house which they are building at Munich. This was too much, and Bavaria has once more entered into negotiations with the family for the purchase of this last remnant of a mediæval privilege.

Talking Monkeys. Some time ago a good deal of excitement was aroused by the enterprise of an American who sat in a cage in an African forest to learn the language of monkeys. Another American citizen, a Doctor Reed Blair, has, on the other hand, begun to teach monkeys the language of men; but as he has discovered that the monkeys cannot articulate properly because they have not got noses of a sufficient size, he has decorated three unfortunate orang-outangs with false noses. It is to be hoped that if the monkeys do learn to talk, the first use they make of speech will be to tell the doctor what they think of him and his methods.

The Strangest Region in Europe.

The Landes, which have just been devastated by forest fires, are one of the strangest regions in the world. It is one continuous forest stretching from Arcachon (close to Bordeaux) to the Adour at Bayonne—nowadays practically a suburb of Biarritz. That is more than one hundred and sixty miles. The train traverses a district that reminds one, in its singular dark monotony of pine, of Russian scenery from the Polish frontier to St. Petersburg. The pines grow on a series of sand-dunes, the highest in Europe. Sand, sand all the way, except where it is marsh. The inhabitants walk upon stilts, as every schoolboy knows. They are called *tchanques* in the native patois. What is very much less known is that the Landes is a prosperous country, where there is a pension for everybody and no taxes! The second condition comes from the fact that there are no roads, the first that the pines are a source of revenue. Valuable gums are drawn off from them; indeed, the trees constitute the wealth of the Landes. Hence, a fire is a desperate thing. The continuance of dry weather has transformed the

Department into one vast tinder-box. The concern of the inhabitants at these recent outbreaks is easily to be imagined.



DINNER TIME.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.

who took him in hand. The special feature of the school is that Mr. Hassall interests himself in the disposal of the drawings and posters designed by his students.

In "The Earthquake," the management of the Hippodrome has secured perhaps the finest spectacle it has ever offered the public. More than that, the "book," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, is a real play. In productions which come under the heading of "sketches" characterisation is a thing which is usually ignored. In "The Earthquake," however, the characterisation is very marked, every part having an individuality of its own, and giving more chances to the actors than often fall to their lot in the case of a play filling the whole evening's bill. Full advantage has been taken by Mr. Frank Parker of all the opportunities offered by this melodrama in miniature for presenting a vivid, lifelike picture of life in a city which, although unnamed, is undoubtedly intended to be San Francisco, the stage-setting reproducing certain easily recognised features of that city. The diversity of its population is cleverly indicated, as are the life and "hustle" which are such marked characteristics of the American people. Never before has Mr. Parker marshalled such a varied crowd of vehicles as he succeeds in getting in and out of the arena without the least confusion, while in the destruction of the whole city he has achieved a pitch of realism which is well-nigh incredible. The scene of desolation when the massive stage-setting has fallen to pieces and the flames roll skywards gives a vividly comprehensive idea of the ruin wrought by the earthquake, and by the fire, resulting from the short-circuiting of the electric wires, which followed it, and justified the cheers which summoned the producer to receive the congratulations of the delighted audience. The principal parts are played by Mr. Cecil Morton Yorke, Mr. Scott Craven, Mr. Wyndham Guise, Mr. Arthur Powell, and Mr. Hal Forde, while Miss Simeta Marsden is the heroine, "a Kentucky peach" who has been "doing Europe" in the characteristic fashion to which the papers have recently been drawing attention. Altogether, "The Earthquake" is so striking a production that it should keep the popular Hippodrome crowded for several months to come. Its realism is so effective that, when Christmas comes, the youth of London who have already gone to school will clamour to be taken to see it.

September 24 will see the reopening of the New School of Art, started in January last by Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. John Hassall, assisted by Mr. Charles Van Havermaet, who was John Hassall's first drawing-master. When Mr. Hassall gave up ranching and started to make a living by art, he went to study in Belgium, and there met Mr. Van Havermaet,

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

SO far, September cannot be said to have fulfilled its mission to the Stock Exchange. As all the world knows, September is the month in which the House begins to get busy for its autumn and winter activities, but circumstances are at present spoiling cases in which the investor and the speculator might be hoped to take an interest. New York took a lot of gold last week, and is to that extent the stronger on its monetary legs, but there is a very general impression that a financial crisis, more or less acute, cannot be staved off from Wall Street much longer. Consols and Home Rails are decadently dull, for reasons chiefly connected with money in the first place and labour fears in the second. Yankees are getting more than a trifle dangerous, and the superstitious see in the defeat of the Harvard crew on Saturday an ill-omen for the American Market. A good spot is the Mexican Railway department, and all the Nitrate shares are hard as nails, which can hardly be said about Kaffirs, dull upon the apprehension of possible trouble at the forthcoming elections in the Transvaal.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

For such people as prefer $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on their money, with security upon which they can sleep at ease, Marshall and Snelgrove $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture at 105 is one of the safest selectable. Interest is due in February and August. Or there is the Debenture stock of the Imperial Tobacco Company, bearing the same rate of dividend, but a trifle higher in price, partly because the payments are due on the first of January and July. The security is unimpeachable. So, too, is that of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture stock in Borax Consolidated, the price being about 110, and the interest due on the same dates as that of the Imperial Tobacco Company's Debenture. Bryant and May 4 per cent. Debenture stock stands at 100, the £5 fully paid Preference shares being about 128. To go a little down the list, there is very good security behind Edmundson's Electricity $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture, the price being about 102, and the interest payable on the first of February and August. Vickers' $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Debenture at 106 can be recommended, but the two last-named have not the same quality of gilt-edged safety which is attached to the others.

THE MINT CO-OPERATIVE CLUB, LIMITED.

One of the most remarkable prospectuses that we have lately seen is sent by a correspondent, to whom we tender our thanks. The concern bears the above title, and the prospectus states that subscribers to the "Mint Newspaper" will be entitled to a prior allotment of shares. We thought that most newspapers were known to us, but must confess to having lived hitherto in regrettable ignorance of one called the *Mint*. It seems that some time this summer a company styling itself the British and Continental Art Publishers, Limited, hailing from 17 and 18, Great Sutton Street, E.C., sent out a circular to the first subscribers of the *Mint* paper. In that circular they stated that for each £1 these subscribers contributed towards the foundation, promotion, and other expenses of the Mint Co-Operative Club, "You will be entitled to receive £3 in cash and / or shares in the same proportion as received by the Founders from the Mint Co-Operative Club." The stroke between the words "and" "or" is to be noticed. The Chairman is stated as Colonel F. W. Nixon, late R.E., of Orpington, Kent, the other directors being Arthur Ashdowne, Esq., E. Christian, Esq., and Captain R. Græme, late 6th Foot. The bankers are set down as Messrs. P. Macfadyen and Co., Winchester House, E.C. Out of an authorised capital of £125,000, £50 is in 1000 Deferred shares of a shilling each, and the remaining £124,950 is in 499,800 Preferred shares of 5s. each. The latter were offered at a premium of 1s. each, and entitled to a dividend of 10 per cent., with more to come under special circumstances. One of the principal points in the scheme seems to be monthly drawings, whereby regular customers become entitled to bonus goods. This is the bare outline of the undertaking, and we shall welcome any information that the directors, officials, or shareholders can afford as to the progress of the Club.

RHODESIAN ROCKETS.

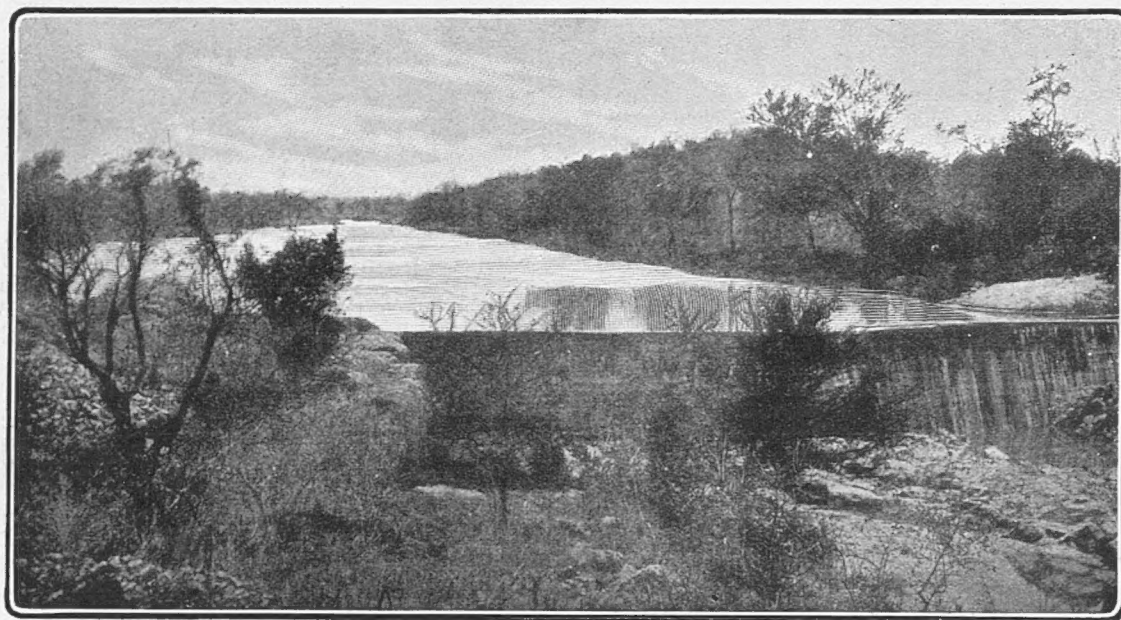
Tanganyikas, we mean, of course. They move in orbits of their own, independently of other stars in the Rhodesian firmament, and the gamble is interesting to watch. It would be still more interesting to know whether any of the shares had been sold out of a block which some time ago was paying visits to various moneylenders who were *not* keen upon the advance of cash upon such security. However that may be, there is a strenuous battle going on between two opposition camps, and happy the gambler whose luck lands him on the winning side! It is a sheer toss-up. Other Rhodesian shares are rather overshadowed by the game in Tanganyikas. Copper properties are being paraded as likely to advance upon their recent improvement, and there is still a strong tip to buy Chartered. Mysterious hints are dropped as to wonderfully good discoveries having been made, which cannot become public property until more definite news has been received. There may be nothing in the hints—perhaps gossip could not be idler; but it is indisputable that the feeling of bullishness is remarkably strong in the Kaffir Circus with reference to Chartered shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE. The Stock Exchange.

What with one thing and another, there is a certain amount of business doing around the markets. Broadly, the great divisions of the House are decidedly quiet: much quieter than they were in August, when people were supposed to be away for their holidays. All the bother over money going to New York is an unsettling factor to Consols, and if they are uneasy, Home Railway stocks are pretty sure to be dull, too. The spurt which lifted Colonials has somewhat died out, and the dealers, dealer-like, complain that people only want to buy what the jobbers haven't got, and want to sell what the jobbers don't care to have. So there you are!

Farical is a mild term to apply to the financial methods of the United States

Government in connection with the Treasury and the Money Market in New York. To gain a clearer idea of what happens over there it is useful to change the scene to this side and alter the names to British, instead of American, men and things. Supposing that the London and North Western Railway directors were to meet, at a time advertised beforehand, for the purpose of declaring the half-yearly dividend. They do meet, and—adjourn until the next day, rumour confidently affirming that the rate of distribution was settled on the earlier day, but postponed in declaration so as to allow the directors to buy up all the lines of "Brum" they could lay hands upon, to say nothing



THE DAM AT TSESSEBE, RHODESIA RAILWAYS.

of North Londons as a side show. Well, they meet on the second day, declare a dividend $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the previous rate, and a 2 per cent. bonus on the top of that. Up rushes the price of Brums some score of points, with North Londons (upon which a dividend is declared twice as much as that for the corresponding period) following in the same train. People tear in and relieve the astute North-Western directors of the stock they had laid in so craftily and cheaply, and then these later buyers find they haven't enough money to pay for their purchases. All of a sudden money becomes very tight, those same artful directors probably contributing to this very result, and the buyer is forced to pay 20, 30, or 40 per cent. to get his stock contangoed. This will never do, so he gets up a little agitation, hurries off to Mr. Asquith, and says that if the Imperial Exchequer refuses to finance his mad gamble—the words would, of course, be more nicely chosen, but that's what they mean—he is awfully afraid there will be a disastrous slump in prices of rigged stocks, and "that would never do, would it, Mr. Asquith," taking it so much for granted that no interrogation mark is needed for the end of the sentence. And Mr. Asquith, his finger all the while on the pulse of the Yankee Market in Shorter's Court and the Money Market in the Royal Exchange, knows "to a T" when he must step in, and, with a line of his pen, instruct the Bank of England to release enough of the Government's funds to save our worthy bull and his lively crew from being swamped. This the Bank of England complacently does, and so the situation is at least temporarily saved. It's very nice, to be Shaw! Isn't it now?

Had I but followed mine own advice with half the zeal I gave it to the reader, I would not in mine age have been without Mexican National Preferred. All I can modestly say is, I trust that one or two people followed the tips and are revelling in the profits that have accrued. Congratulations to their boldness!

Two good Companies, so similar in many respects that they might almost be called twins were not the ages different—the Irishman will appreciate—are the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power and the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light, and Power. The latter is the senior, and has made rapid progress from 1900, when it first started work, to 1905, the last year, of course, for which full statistics are available. To give some idea of the expansion, the figures may be quoted from an official circular—

	1900 (8 months)	1901.	1902.	1903.	1904.	1905.
	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.
Gross Earnings ..	147,009'00	723,834'00	1,123,285'00	1,303,175'00	1,419,338'00	1,908,405'00
Net ..	45,225'00	277,232'00	705,369'00	899,427'00	941,782'00	1,238,473'00
Expense, per cent. of Earnings ..	69'26	61'70	37'2	31'00	33'60	35'1
Dividends ..	—	—	34 per cent.	54 per cent.	74 per cent.	8 per cent.
Highest and lowest market price of Bonds ..	—	—	—	85-90	90-94	93-1-7
Highest and lowest market price of Shares ..	—	45-50	50-100	74-100	87-110	106-142

From this data it may be fairly assumed that the 5 per cent. bonds at 99 are a good purchase for investment. As regards the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and

Power, the Company is still occupied in works of construction, which may last into the first part of 1907. The net income for the first twelve months' operating under all the disabilities which attach to only partially completed works is estimated to amount to £260,000, which is some £50,000 more than is required to pay the 5 per cent. interest carried by the First Mortgage gold bonds. The concern is under the same management, practically speaking, as that of the successful Sao Paulo Company, but it has the further advantage of Sir William Van Horne, Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as a director. The price of the bonds is 80½, and of the shares 47½. One cannot set out all the particulars which no doubt an investor might care to have, but they are to be obtained through any member of the House, and I have gone to this length in giving the information because people who want 5 per cent. on their money are sometimes glad to hear of channels into which to sink their money a little out of the beaten track. The Sao Paulo bonds and shares are officially quoted at 99 and 141 respectively, and the others will be quoted in due course.

Tucked away in a corner of the House I found a broker with a couple of dirty scraps of paper in one hand and a stump of pencil in the other. He was shaking with silent laughter. This was the cause of his inaudible mirth—

FINANCIAL NURSERY RHYMES.

No. I.

"Little Jack Horner,"
Said I from my corner,
"Tanks are the things to buy."
He looked very glum,
Said he'd often had some—
"Not such a fool am I!"

No. II.

A bear was Bill,
Right up the hill
Of Yankees. But his laughter
Was heard each day,
When cheques he'd pay,
"My turn is coming after!"

It seems necessary to repeat that the broker in the corner was hugely amused—he was the author.

What is the good of saying that any Kaffir shares are cheap, when not a sole in the place can salmon up courage to fish in that market? Were there any "go" about the market at all, I think that Porges Randfontein would soon be better than 33s. 9d. or thereabouts. Consider. The capital is half-a-million, and the Company is earning at the rate of something like £110,000 a year—say, 20 per cent. on the capital. It has an estimated life of about five-and-twenty years, and is one of the best of the cheaper shares in the Robinson group. If 20 per cent. dividends are paid, as they probably will be, the buyer of to-day receives 11 per cent. on the money, with sound prospects of an improvement in value. So long as Kaffirs stagnate and are subjected to bear raids because there is no public to stop the attacks, Porges will, no doubt, suffer with the rest, and that is why the present buyer may see his shares go down before improvement sets in. He may buy more cheaply if he waits, but, on the figures I have quoted, Porges do seem reasonably priced amongst a lot of rubbish which is even yet standing higher than it ought to do.

Desiring to appeal against the assessment of the house, he was informed that he must produce the agreement with the landlord, the document to be duly stamped. Of course he had overlooked the stamping, and the thing was therefore some months out of date. So he hied him to Telegraph Street and demanded if it could be done. The clerks gazed at him in horror: said there would be a minimum fine of ten pounds; refused to have anything to do with such an awful crime as he had committed in the way of neglect. Nothing daunted, he took the deed to Somerset House. More astonishment, horror, and threats of a fine of ten pounds, an invitation withal to come a week hence to see what could be done. But the deed was wanted on the next day. After much eloquence, persuasion, and appeal, the agreement was sent to some other part of the place, and then followed more waiting. Finally the document reappeared. It bore in one corner a rubber stamp which said the deed could be stamped with the needful five shillings upon payment of a ten-shilling—not ten-pound—penalty. The clerk behind the counter foolishly handed it back to the owner, who, sick of the whole business and only too thankful to be released, never stopped to have it stamped. He sent it, unstamped, to the

authorities next day, who accepted it without demur, and reduced the assessment. And thus, dear friends, is our time, and the country's time, wasted by the overworked young aristocrats to whom a grateful country gives pleasant berths and opportunities galore for blocking business by officialdom neatly bound all round with thick red tape. You may, perhaps, be able to identify this victim, or one who has similarly suffered, amongst your own circle of acquaintance. Myself, I have never been inside the place, and devoutly trust I may not be called upon to do so, at any rate, so long as I remain

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ERA.—Océanas, Western Canada Lands; Knight's Central, Bostons, and Utah Apex are all reasonable speculations. We should put Bostons first, then Western Canada Lands, and bracket Océanas with Knight's Central. You should have nothing to do with Salisbury Buildings or East Fingalls.

O. R.—We replied by letter on Sept. 8.

BARON.—Your letter has been put "in course."

INQUIRER.—Shansi shares are a good gamble. We should advise you to deal through members of the Stock Exchange.

FIERY CROSS.—Porges seem to be cheap. You will see them mentioned in our House letter this week. Drury Lane shares often have a twist-up at this time of the year, because of the approach of the autumn drama and the Christmas pantomime.

CUBA.—The Canadian bonds have not yet settled firmly into investment hands, hence the discount. The Cuban rebellion is not likely to damage the Company to any material extent, but of course there is a risk.

FERRET.—There is a book published at a shilling by Effingham, Wilson, and Co. that will suit your purpose. It is called "Urbis Trustees."

STOCKPORT.—We are trying to get information.

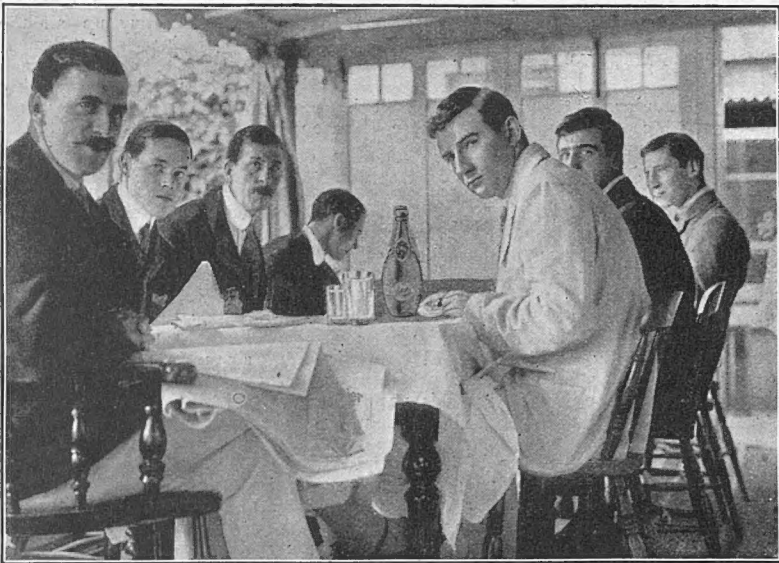
WHIT.—No. The people pulling the strings are of doubtful trustworthiness.

T. A. S.—May we keep the papers a little longer, please?

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Very little work is done in Doncaster during the big race week, all thoughts being centred on the racing. To-day the St. Leger should be won by Keystone II., the Cleveland Handicap by La Petite Dame or Vincula, the Rufford Abbey Plate by Amersham, the Bradgate Park Plate by Gendarmerie. To-morrow Foresight may win the Portland Plate, Chicot the Alexandra Plate, Polar Star the Rous Plate, Gold Riach the Scarborough Stakes. On Friday the following may win: Doncaster Cup, Plum Centre; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Marie Antoinette or Tom Wedgwood; Park Hill Stakes, Catnap; Westmorland Welter, Truffle de Perigord; Doncaster Stakes, Greendale. The week end will see racing men back in town for the Alexandra Park September Meeting. Selections—September Handicap, Royal Dream; Muswell Plate, I'm His Daisy; Maiden Plate, Poker; Finsbury Handicap, St. Luke. At Warwick next Monday Raydale may win the Warwick Handicap, and Peter Jackson the Charlecote Handicap; on the second day Paso Robles may win the Wellesbourne Nursery, Solano or Peter Jackson the Leamington Handicap, and Enceladus the Members' Plate.

ONE REASON WHY CAMBRIDGE WON.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Note the Perrier bottle on the table.

"WE HAVE BEEN DRINKING
A LOT OF 'PERRIER,' AND
FIND IT VERY REFRESHING
AND MORE TASTY THAN
OTHER TABLE WATERS."

H. M. Goldsmith.

President,
Cambridge University Boat Club.

FRENCH NATURAL SPARKLING TABLE WATER.



By Special Appointment



To H.M. the King.

perrier

By Special Appointment



To H.M. the King.



To-day: Order Perrier for your household from your merchant.